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The Nation

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EDITORIAL

HISTORY ON THE WING

Last week millions of Americans witnessed one of those rare world-class media events that provide substance with the symbolism. "History" was the vogue word among commentators seeking to evoke the momentousness of the occasion. "We have made history," said President Reagan after signing the first superpower agreement to eliminate a category of nuclear weapons. For once, the President had his history right.

But the I.N.F. treaty will only become history, will only be a symbolic step to more significant nuclear weapons reductions and greater détente—will only help insure that humankind, in the long run, *has* a history—if the fires of public opinion that produced it are kept hot. Last week's triumph of the peace movement (the keepers of the flame) will need to be followed through, most immediately in the Senate, where a little group of willful men is organizing an ambush.

A robust but ravenous military-industrial complex and a powerful, inertial national security bureaucracy wait in the wings, flexing muscles developed through years of fighting budget cuts and legal curbs.

In the fickle spotlight of history, Reagan was thrust into an unaccustomed starring role in the long-running nuclear disarmament saga; his is the hand that holds the pen, after all, though others may push it. Whether we witnessed the transfiguration of the President is, of course, another question. But even Republican chief executives have experienced blinding visions of a higher principle in one area of statecraft: Eisenhower warning against the military-industrial complex, Nixon fashioning the opening to China. Perhaps Ronald Reagan, as he enters the final year of his term, has seen the light on nuclear weapons, if nothing else; perhaps he really does want to be remembered as a peacemaker. We shall see. Trust but verify.

HAITI
Michael S. Hooper

CHICAGO
Gary Rivlin

ANGOLA AND THE RIGHT
Michael Maren

STAR WARS CITY
Daniel Charles

DENG'S WIN
Alisa Joyce

CARLETON BEALS
George Black

AGNES SMEDLEY
Orville Schell

CARLUCCI'S THREE FACES

STORY OF A CONSUMMATE BUREAUCRAT

JEFFERSON MORLEY

Frank Carlucci began working as Secretary of Defense at the same time that the Congressional committees investigating the Iran/*contra* affair were going out of business. The committees disgorged their retrospective on the scandal on November 17 and three days later Carlucci was confirmed by a Senate vote of 95 to 1.

It was like two ships passing in broad daylight. The Iran/*contra* report documented how the national security bureaucracy operated beyond the reach of the law in aiding the *contras* and selling arms to the Ayatollah Khomeini. Carlucci, in his confirmation hearings, stressed his unprecedented experience in that bureaucracy. He is the only man ever to have held the number-one or -two job in the Central Intelligence Agency, the Pentagon and the National Security Council. What the report indicates, Carlucci pledges to redeem.

Carlucci is, depending on whose headline you prefer, a bland and poised "Competent Manager" (*National Journal*) or a bedraggled "Quintessential Survivor" (*The Washington Post*) or a more sinister-sounding "Diplomat, Businessman, Spy" (*Covert Action Information Bulletin*, a publication critical of the C.I.A.). These views, each the byproduct of Washington journalistic convention, are thought to be mutually exclusive. In fact, the new Secretary of Defense is best thought of as a composite of all three descriptions.

There is plenty of evidence for the belief that Carlucci is a career spook. As a young Foreign Service officer, he had a knack for arriving in Third World countries—the Belgian Congo in

(*Continued on Page 757*)

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LETTERS.

MR. POTATO HEAD

New York City

In reference to Sean Wilentz's November 14 review of Maurice Isserman's book *If I Had A Hammer . . . : The Death of the Old Left and the Birth of the New Left*, and his statement that "Max Shachtman makes a comical appearance, besplattered with potato salad, in Allen Ginsberg's 'Howl'":

I, Carl Solomon, am the thrower of the potato salad referred to in the "Howl" incident. It was thrown not at Max Shachtman (whom I never met) but at Wallace Markfield, who was then comically bespattered.

Fortunately, I am also a loyal *Nation* reader and just came across this error. There has, in the past, been much apocryphal hearsay about this matter, but this is the first time I have ever called one of the mistaken bohemian historians to account. *Carl Solomon*

WILENTZ REPLIES

Princeton, N.J.

Carl Solomon once complained in a letter to Allen Ginsberg that the "Howl" account of the potato salad incident "garbles history completely." I have now inadvertently compounded the problem—and without poetic license. The mistake was Maurice Isserman's; I unknowingly passed it along in my review of Isserman's new book. (For the full and accurate story, as told by Solomon, see Barry Miles's excellent 1986 annotated edition of "Howl.") I am delighted that Carl Solomon, prose-poet and dedicatee of "Howl," has written in to set the record straight for *Nation* readers. *Sean Wilentz*

'MATEWAN' BELABORED

Los Angeles

In Maria Margaronis's October 17 review of *Matewan* ["Films"], it is argued that in director John Sayles's "reverence for the martyred workers" and in his efforts to make "the moral too clear" he made a film that is one-dimensional and unconvincing.

I saw an entirely different film—one in which James Earl Jones and a talented cast, Haskell Wexler's cinematography and Sayles's political and stylistic clarity produced a rare synthesis of good art and good politics. The scene in which Few Clothes, the leader of the black miners, draws the straw to kill the outside organizer, Joe Kenehan, who has been falsely accused of being a company agent, should become a classic. The agony of Few Clothes as he is forced to weigh his gut instinct that Kenehan is a dedicated unionist, his confusion at Joe's admission that he is a Red and his need to prove his loyalty to the white miners evokes West Virginia in the 1920s and is symbolic of the dilemma of the black worker throughout labor's history.

Does *Matewan* idealize the workers' movement? What is wrong with a director going back into history to find some of the working class's finest moments, in a conscious effort to have an impact on its present and future? Anyone who has been fortunate enough to directly experience those transcendent moments of mass movement—whether during the auto workers' sit-downs in Flint or as the civil rights marchers confronted the racist authorities at Selma or as the Vietnam War protesters challenged the war establishment at the Pentagon—understands that the stark contrast between morality and immorality, between progress and reaction, does occasionally represent itself in reality. To capture and re-create those moments in history is not to fall prey to a mechanical socialist realism. Rather, like all artists, Sayles made a choice about which aspects of reality to convey and dramatize.

It would have been far easier for Sayles to fall victim to the times, to produce a cynical or ambiguous film with veiled and impotent left politics that would be no match for the aggressive and openly partisan right-wing fare that the public is subjected to. Instead, in an important contribution to workers and their unions and to a society that has virtually institutionalized antilabor ideology, Sayles has chosen to create a historical drama in which the working class is good and the capitalists are bad, and the essential role of labor unions is conveyed vividly and passionately.

Unfortunately, *Matewan* seems to be falling victim to the weaknesses of the left and the labor movement. Criticized by some as flat and dogmatic, criticized by others on the left because its hero does not call for armed struggle, and given little organized support by unions that are perhaps themselves threatened by the implications of the history that Sayles uncovers, *Matewan* is not getting the box-office support it deserves. I urge *Nation* readers to hurry to the theaters and see this brave work before *Matewan*, like the history it is attempting to popularize, recedes into the past. *Eric Mann*

MARGARONIS REPLIES

New York City

I did not at all mean to imply that Sayles should have produced a cynical film with muted politics but that his subject could be treated with less solemnity and more seriousness and wit. Reverence is not the same as understanding, affection or even solidarity. *Maria Margaronis*

STONE'S THROWAWAY

Somerville, Mass.

I.F. Stone, in his cover editorial for the October 31 issue titled "Binge: End of a Profligate Era," seems as unable to grasp the true significance of the recent stock market collapse as the policy-makers he criticizes. Stone accurately identifies all the trees in the menacing forest that is the U.S. economy—the trade deficit, the budget deficit and the rapid growth of corporate and consumer debt. But then he fails to identify the forest—capitalism, with its curious penchant for profit-driven investment.

Stone refers to the debt explosion as a binge of overspending. While this may be true for the Federal government and is certainly true for the Wall Street speculators, it seriously distorts reality to talk about the rest of us as if we were spoiled children in need of a good spanking.

Consumer debt has increased not because we are trying to live the life style of the yuppie stockbrokers but because we are getting paid less. Real wages in the United States have declined more than 13 percent since 1973; even the rise in the number of two-wage families hasn't halted the slide in our standard of living. Median family income in the United States has declined 7 percent since 1973. Consumers have been running up their credit card bills simply to maintain their besieged standard of living.

By ignoring the fundamental cause of the current debt crises, Stone arrives at the same alarming conclusions as most Democratic and Republican leaders. "The United States needs a dose of austerity as surely as do Argentina, Brazil and Mexico," he writes.

The workers and peasants of those three countries could tell Stone something about austerity. They would probably tell him that when it comes time to tighten belts, the issue is not whether belts will be tightened but *whose* belts will be tightened.

Unfortunately, those who have been on a binge—speculators, merger maniacs and defense contractors, to name a few—will determine whose belts get tightened. And as in Argentinaa, Brazil and Mexico, those who will be asked to pay for the binge will not be those who benefited from the recent largesse.

Stone's calls for austerity are out of place. We shouldn't be joining the clamor for belt-tightening but fighting to insure that the already ravaged standard of living of the average American is not further sacrificed to save Wall Street investors.

The short-term solution is to pursue policies that put money in the hands of consumers, thereby increasing the demand for goods rather than financial services. Increased social investment by the Federal government, through public works programs and expanded income supports, is needed to reorient our economy toward productive activity and away from financial speculation. Revenues for such programs should come from the bloated defense budget and new taxes on the wealthy, not the regressive consumption taxes being contemplated.

Could such a program save capitalism from itself? Probably not. But as the drums bang ever louder for austerity, and Wall Street jitters continue, progressives should remember: If you don't like stock market crashes, you don't like capitalism. *Tim Wise*
Staff Editor
Dollars & Sense

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EDITORIALS.

Red-Baiting Ron

When Republicans fall to fighting among themselves, they lose their customary country-club aplomb and descend to the level of prehominids clubbing one another over the carcass of a gnu. The Reagan Administration is not yet exactly dead meat, but the beast is reeling and the tribes are moving in for the kill. The proximate cause of the division is the vigor of response to the Red Menace as embodied in the summit, the I.N.F. treaty and détente. But the schism has as much to do with politics as ideology, as party pols and their press pals position themselves for advantage in a post-Reagan America. No Republican now hopes that harmony can be restored before a new distribution of power within the party is arranged.

The Red-baiting of Ronald Reagan must be one of the great ironies of modern political history. But in the past few weeks we have heard Republicans accusing the Administration of appeasement and surrender to Soviet interests in language reminiscent of Joe McCarthy's attack on the Demo-

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crats for "twenty years of treason." Howard Phillips, the ideological gauleiter of Reaganism, called his erstwhile leader a "useful idiot for Soviet propaganda." Reagan snapped back at his critics as warmongers, in the Truman manner: "These people . . . have accepted that war is inevitable." To which pollster/direct mailer Richard Viguerie answered, "If [Reagan] wants to get into a war with the conservatives, that's his call. . . . I'm not going to apologize to a President who is making the world a little safer for the Communists."

And there are splits within the splits. The yahoos on the right have built their careers on a vulgar anti-Communism and now feel threatened and delegitimized by détente. The Soviet Threat has driven foreign policy, domestic politics and economic expansion in America for so long that life without Kremlin villainy is practically unthinkable. Why should an Administration plunder and pillage Nicaragua, for instance, to save it from a threat that no longer exists? Why tolerate racism in South Africa if the alternative is not so bad anymore?

The military machos on the right, like Alexander Haig and columnist George Will, pretend to a more pragmatic position. They worry that the I.N.F. treaty and the era of better feeling between East and West that it is bound to engender are Soviet stratagems designed to disarm NATO Europe and detach it from U.S. protection. Soon the Tatar hordes will be streaming through the Brandenburg Gate, and that will be the end of that.

In fact their worries may be well founded, but only in the first instance. As E.P. Thompson suggested in *The Nation* last week ["The Peace Movement's Next Task"], a new deal is being negotiated between the blocs in response to changing realities of European politics and powers on both sides of the gate. NATO is a glaring, dangerous anachronism; the Warsaw Pact is a useless fossil. The cold war on the Continent has run out of rationales. If Reagan persists in his war on the *contras* within his own party, he might remember that it was the Republican right that voted against the NATO treaty forty years ago, using the argument that the alliance would overexpose and overextend the United States and confuse American policy with European interests. Come to think of it, not much has changed since then.

James Baldwin

The death of James Baldwin diminishes us all here at *The Nation*, but it is a loss to the larger community as well. Not only the black community out of which he rose and for which he was such an eloquent and prophetic voice; not only the shifting, vital literary community of writers and readers; but a world community of all races and nationalities bound together by the act of a solitary soul touching others through the written word, even after death.

The Nation benefited from Baldwin's membership on our editorial board, and perhaps we once helped him slightly in the best way a young writer can be helped—by printing his first published piece ("Maxim Gorky as Artist," April 12, 1947). Assessing America's literary debt to its native son is a matter for more extended reflection, and we shall be publishing a longer essay on Baldwin in an upcoming issue. In the meantime, let us end with his own words, from the precociously talented review he wrote for *The Nation*: "We must recognize the need for further and honest exploration of those provinces, the human heart and mind, which have operated, historically and now, as the no man's land between us and our salvation."

Cry Haiti

The verdict of the Reagan Administration and Congressional architects of a "bipartisan" Haiti policy is that a retrograde minority in the Haitian Army suddenly joined with Tonton Macoutes and other "civilian" thugs to kill thirty-four people on Election Sunday, November 29. Actually, scores more innocents were shot or hacked to pieces in a killing spree recorded by hundreds of international observers and journalists, corroborating what Haitians had been telling the world for twenty months. The Duvalier system was being managed, not dismantled, by the National Governing Council, or C.N.G., and the U.S.-supported army was doing much of the killing and was actively complicit in the rest.

U.S. Haiti policy has failed not because of the junta's betrayal of trust but rather because a series of miscalculations since February 1986 emboldened the "reformist" army to cement a political alliance with far-right nationalists to maintain their old system of privilege enforced by terror—Duvalierism without Duvalier.

Before the flight of "Baby Doc" in February 1986, the Reagan Administration repeatedly "certified" to Congress that his presidency-for-life was "liberalizing." Once he was gone, the majority of Haitians demanded significant institutional reforms, including an end to security force abuses and the establishment of an independent judiciary. But the United States merely encouraged the Duvalier-appointed junta to pledge early elections, doubling economic assistance and renewing military aid. The apparent goal was to induce cooperation in stemming the tide of Haitians fleeing to southern Florida and to promote "stability," an elusive notion in a land where poverty makes change the only certainty.

U.S. policy badly miscalculated popular outrage at the C.N.G. and the incompetent politicians rooted in the past. Washington still seems ignorant of the strength and importance of the unorthodox alliance of community, youth and church groups that orchestrated Operasyon Dechoukaj, the Creole name for the peaceful, nonideological and largely leaderless movement that swept away the Duvaliers.

The Administration should have seen the bloody handwriting on the wall from the moment the army started shooting down peaceful demonstrators in March 1986, and certainly when the junta's only credible civilian quit in protest. Instead, it looked the other way as the army declared

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all-out war on the electoral process. Two presidential candidates were murdered. The generals refused to protect the independent electoral commission (C.E.P.) and blocked essential funding for it, including some provided by U.S. taxpayers. When the C.E.P. headquarters was torched on November 3, the United States again noted that there was no proof of any army involvement. This reaction dismayed Haitians, since the two-hour shooting and arson binge took place within five blocks of Haiti's largest police and army barracks.

The C.N.G. is wondering what it can get away with next and has announced that it will replace the C.E.P. and hold an election on January 17 under military tutelage. The Reagan Administration has registered few objections, further exposing C.E.P. members to death threats. The spectrum of democratic forces composing the National Front for Cooperation, and their presidential candidate, Gerard Gourgue, who said he would boycott the election, had forged an impressive anti-C.N.G. alliance with the three other leading candidates, as they demonstrated in the general strike of December 7 and 8.

Yet the United States has failed to make even the faintest overture to the alliance, and has ignored pleas from center-right candidates for immediate trade sanctions and a freeze on multinational lending. While the Administration has ended all "nonhumanitarian" economic assistance and called a symbolic halt to military aid (which has already been delivered), it has refused to endorse widespread calls for a complete arms embargo.

The one thing that Haiti does not need is U.S. or multilateral intervention. This idea feeds resurgent anti-Americanism and provides pseudonationalistic grist for the vicious mill of the extreme right. Talk of intervention is simplistic, and simplistic thinking has already given the criminals of the C.N.G. one chance too many. MICHAEL S. HOOPER

Michael S. Hooper, a lawyer, coordinated a six-week-long election observation mission to Haiti.

Uncle Tom Sawyer

The choice of Eugene Sawyer, a conservative black alderman, as Mayor of Chicago proved that many of the hopes of the progressive, multiracial coalition that briefly dominated Chicago politics died with Harold Washington.

It was a diverse and uneasy coalition that supported the Mayor in the past five years. Only ten, maybe twelve, of the City Council's fifty aldermen shared Washington's interest in both minority concerns and reforms having little to do with race. Black members of the machine chafed under Washington's rule, grumbling that their precinct workers were not getting the jobs or grousing that the administration was funneling funds to some local development organization not of their choosing. They were checked by Washington's immense popularity in the black community, where a sophisticated electorate viewed even the slightest betrayal of the Mayor as a betrayal of all black Chicago.

By law, when a mayor dies in office the City Council chooses an acting mayor, who serves until a special election can be held (in this case, probably in March 1989). It chooses a man whose machine credentials appealed to many within the black caucus and much of the Council's white caucus. What is most troubling about Sawyer are the people behind his candidacy. Who elected him? Six black aldermen allied with the Council's white conservative faction. One of the two whites serving as Sawyer's intermediaries to the white machine faction was the chief anti-Washington spokesman during the Mayor's first term.

Although Sawyer wound up with more than half the votes of his fellow aldermen, the antimachine forces almost prevailed. Thousands of Washington supporters descended on City Hall to voice their anger; thousands more phoned the black aldermen still indicating support for Sawyer. Their presence was felt; six black aldermen bolted from the Sawyer camp before the final vote. At a last-minute meeting that included the Council's black caucus, the city's four Latino aldermen and white progressives, Sawyer agreed to postpone the vote and seek black unity.

Yet Sawyer capitulated after meeting with the whites backing his candidacy: Now or never, they told him. Talk of black unity was forgotten once the Council meeting began. All expectations are that Sawyer will run for re-election in 1989. A more progressive black candidate would split the black vote, paving the way for the return to power of a regressive white politician. The obituaries on the Chicago machine were premature, it turns out.

At the time of Washington's death, the question dominating Chicago politics was how radically he would change the face of city government now that he had finally overcome an ugly and underhanded opposition that denied him a chance to govern. Tragically, we will never know the answer to that question. GARY RIVLIN

Gary Rivlin is a staff writer for the Chicago Reader.

AWARDS TIME

An article that appeared in *The Nation* in 1986 has won one of the Page One Awards given annually by the Newspaper Guild of New York. Honored in the Science Reporting, Magazines category was Wilbur Wood's report on bears and politics, "What Is Wild and What Is Natural?" [August 16/23]. Quoth the judges: "Compelling, incisive, compassionate and different. We wish more science reporting was like this entry." In the Crusading Journalism category Edward Bunker's "The Lynching of Vinson Harris" [May 17] received a special mention. According to the judges' citation, "Edward Bunker and the Nation also deserve special commendation for extraordinary insights on prison conditions and need for reform."

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MINORITY REPORT.

CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

San Salvador

Sitting one evening in an open-air restaurant, a colleague and I were joined by a small contingent of children. With considerable self-possession, these miniature Salvadorans announced that they were not beggars and did not want money. What they wanted was some food. The restaurant management was prevailed upon to bring them some tortillas, and we had the painless liberal satisfaction of watching them finish the mound of meat and beans we had left uneaten. There was some small talk. As they politely took their leave, one of them doubled back and said that actually he would like some money. For shoes, he added with dignity. "Why don't you ask Señor Duarte?" I grumbled. The barefoot boy gave a huge smile—a smile so brilliant and genuine that I wish it could have been placed in evidence before Congress.

The American taxpayer spends more than half a billion dollars each year to keep El Salvador swimming. But neither in the city nor in the countryside does it look or feel as if a real aid program is under way. A new report confirms the suspicions that are aroused by mere observation. The money is going to a notorious army, which employs it partly to aggrandize an already inflated position in Salvadoran society and partly to prosecute a dirty war.

The report is titled "Bankrolling Failure: United States Policy in El Salvador and the Urgent Need for Reform." It is presented to the Arms Control and Foreign Policy Caucus, and appears under the names of Senator Mark Hatfield, Representative Jim Leach and Representative George Miller. Its evidence and findings are an essential correction to the Panglossian picture of El Salvador that is routinely offered by Duarte's claque in Congress and the Administration.

In fiscal 1987 U.S. aid to El Salvador finally exceeded the total of El Salvador's own budget. U.S. subventions were $608 million, equal to 105 percent of the country's $582 million contribution to its own housekeeping. Depending on how you evaluate the different mix of American aid to South Vietnam, this approaches the dubious status of a record. About $3 billion has been thrown at the problem so far, with no sign of slackening in the flow.

According to the report, $3 went to the war for every $1 that was directed at "root causes." The Reagan Administration's budget request for fiscal 1988 would increase that ratio from 3 to 1, to 3½ to 1.

It may or may not surprise you to learn that not all the money spent in the civilian sector reaches its supposed objective. Take, as an example, the case of Fedecredito, a government agency established to provide employment for the half-million Salvadorans "displaced" by the war. The operation was funded by the United States Agency for International Development. A report commissioned by A.I.D. found that in some areas as many as 70 percent of the new jobs were going to members of President Duarte's Christian Democratic Party. Efforts to dismiss this as coincidence were unconvincing given that the head of Fedecredito turned out to be the Christian Democrats' secretary of finance. When A.I.D. officials read the report, which recommended that this boondoggle be shut down, their response was swift. They classified the report. A similar picture emerges when the Congressional investigators consider the disbursement of earthquake relief. To quote directly:

> On February 15, 1987, the day the Christian Democrats held a rally of support for President Duarte, Congressional staff interviewed families displaced by the earthquake whose relatives were working on U.S.-funded clean-up crews and had to attend the rally in order to receive their pay.

Hatfield and Leach do not say so, but the allegation of comparable practices by the Sandinista block committees has been used by Ronald Reagan to justify the indiscriminate slaughter of Nicaraguan farmers and teachers. Those who committed that slaughter, according to this report, were also appropriating local aviation fuel for their secret air force. The fuel came courtesy of the U.S. aid program to El Salvador. One hand managed to wash the other with undeniable efficiency on this occasion. If the Salvadoran Christian Democrats are crooked, they had a masterly Washington Administration as their tutor.

The emblematic finding of the Hatfield-Leach-Miller report is the diversion of so-called economic aid into the hands of the military-political commanders of the Salvadoran oligarchy. The authors obtained the text of an agreement signed by President Duarte, by his Minister of Defense, Gen. Carlos Vides Casanova, and by his chief of staff, Gen. Adolfo Blandon. The agreement establishes a counterinsurgency campaign with the lovable title United to Rebuild. Essential to the structure of this campaign is a chain of command that gives General Blandon the right to control the local activities and expenditures of Conara, the U.S.-funded civilian aid agency. This handy arrangement allows regional commanders to withhold economic aid from villages until the inhabitants can see their way clear to join the "civil defense patrols." It also contradicts explicit Administration promises that Conara is not run by the armed forces. Last and, under Reagan, least, it violates the law under which the aid was given in the first place.

Thus, not only is U.S. aid not alleviating the 50 percent unemployment, the 91 per thousand infant mortality (up 36 percent in 1986), the one in ten who are refugees or the one in four children who are malnourished. It is, rather, going to fatten the very forces whose cruelty and indifference created those conditions. And it is creating a culture of dependence that gives the country most of the humiliations and few of the benefits of such a relationship. Late last month the U.S. Embassy intervened boldly in the general amnesty of political prisoners. It demanded that the alleged killers of four U.S. marines be kept in jail, where they remain as of this writing. This démarche followed utter silence at the wiping of the slate for 30,000 death squad killings. The embassy could have been silent about neither, or silent about both. Its choice spoke volumes, and the reaction of ordinary Salvadorans was like the grin I described earlier: eloquent beyond words.

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My Dinner With Mom

EDWARD SOREL

I TOOK MOM TO SEE DAVID LEVINE'S CARICATURES. SHE SAID, "I SUPPOSE HE'S GOOD, BUT BELIEVE ME, EDDIE, HIS DRAWINGS JUST DON'T GET THE EXPRESSIONS THAT YOURS DO."
THEN WE WALKED TO A RESTAURANT AND SHE ASKED ME WHAT NANCY AND I WERE DOING. I TOLD HER THAT WE HAD GONE TO A DINNER HONORING JULES FEIFFER.
AND MOM SAID, "YES, I KNOW EVERYBODY SAYS HE'S VERY CLEVER, BUT LET'S FACE IT, EDDIE, AN ARTIST LIKE YOU HE'LL NEVER BE."
MOM ASKED IF I HAD SEEN THE FILM ABOUT SENDAK. I SAID I HAD, AND IN FACT HAD SEEN SENDAK HIMSELF THE NIGHT HE WAS INAUGURATED INTO THE ILLUSTRATORS' HALL OF FAME.
AND MOM SAID, "I'M SURE HE DESERVES IT, BUT TO TELL THE TRUTH, I NEVER SAW ANY BOOK HE DID THAT WAS AS BEAUTIFUL AS YOUR GWENDOLYN THE MIRACLE HEN."
I ALWAYS FEEL GREAT AFTER MY DINNER WITH MOM.
SOUTH FE
Edward Sorel

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ARTICLES.

SAVIMBI AND ANGOLA

The Right's Last, Best Hope

MICHAEL MAREN

The Reagan doctrine, the ideological core of the Administration's foreign policy, is on the brink of obsolescence. The invasion of Grenada four years ago is still its only tangible success, and its Central America policy is crumbling under the threat of peace. Proponents of the doctrine are in desperate need of a victory and think they may have found an opportunity in Angola. But in fact the only beneficiary of the Administration's Angola policy is South Africa, which has turned the Reagan doctrine into an insurance policy for apartheid.

If the Reagan doctrine can't work in Angola, it can't work anywhere. The conflict seems tailor-made for it. For one, Angola is an easier target for covert operations than Central America is. The Iran/*contra* hearings graphically illustrated the degree of Congressional apathy and confusion over Angola. Presented with evidence that the Nicaragua arms pipeline was closely linked to the machinery that brought arms to Jonas Savimbi's National Union for the Total Independence of Angola, or Unita, Congressional probers failed to question a single witness on the subject. Lieut. Col. Oliver North, a vocal backer of Unita, and retired Maj. Gen. Richard Secord, who possibly participated in illegal operations to arm Savimbi, may never be called on to tell what they know.

On Capitol Hill, support for Unita is strong, with Senators Jesse Helms and Robert Dole and Representative Jack Kemp among the leaders preaching that U.S. strategic interests are threatened by the Cubans and Russians in Luanda. For those who have doubts about the wisdom of backing the *contras*, Angola offers the opportunity to take a tough stand against Communism, with few political repercussions.

Angola itself is in many ways what Reagan doctrine supporters might have wished Nicaragua to be. Angola's ruling party, the Popular Movement for the Liberation of Angola (M.P.L.A.), is bolstered by at least 27,000 Cuban troops and several thousand Soviet-bloc advisers—hard evidence of Communist involvement. The stated goal of U.S. policy under Reagan has been to get the Cubans out—by supporting Unita, an "anti-Communist" rebel movement.

Unita has more instant P.R. appeal than the *contras*. Unlike the *contra* leaders who move around Washington in their tailored suits, Unita head Savimbi has the look of a real revolutionary. His charisma is legendary. He is black, sports a thick beard, wears fatigues and a beret and carries guns. In Savimbi the right has found its Che, its Fidel, its revolutionary icon. He was working against Portuguese colonialism while Reagan was still in Hollywood. He undeniably has a wide following in Angola, though mostly among his own Ovimbundu ethnic group, and he is competent, needing no guidance or instruction books from the Central Intelligence Agency. Just guns and money.

Savimbi is now receiving at least $15 million per year in "covert" assistance from the United States, including Stinger antiaircraft missiles. The current level of aid was approved after Congress repealed the Clark amendment, which had prohibited aid to Unita, in August 1985. But Savimbi was clearly receiving at least indirect U.S. assistance, illegally, from the early days of the Reagan Administration, in line with the President's own pre-election comment that, "Well, frankly, I would provide them [Unita] with weapons."

When Reagan took office in 1981, Unita was at the nadir of its military power, one of the two losing factions in the postindependence battle that saw the Soviet-backed M.P.L.A. triumph over Unita and the National Front for the Liberation of Angola (F.N.L.A.), led by Holden Roberto. The evidence indicates that within the first few months of the Reagan Administration, despite the Clark amendment, Saudi Arabia, as part of a general understanding on cooperation with the United States upon receipt of American Awacs planes, provided troop training to Unita in Morocco. The supply of arms to Unita through Zaire's Kamina Air Base was probably Saudi-financed before 1986, when the C.I.A. began to use Kamina after the repeal of the Clark amendment. Moral support from the Reagan Administration also emboldened South Africa, which began to increase its support for Savimbi. By the middle of 1982 Savimbi was back as a serious military force.

The Administration then insisted that it would be in a better position to bring peace to Angola if the Clark amendment could be repealed. After some intensive lobbying it succeeded in pushing this through Congress in the summer of 1985 and embarked on the "overt covert" operation that was once and for all supposed to force the Angolan government to negotiate with Unita. In early 1986 the United States began to send Stingers to the rebels. This, Savimbi's supporters proclaimed, would be the turning point. The columnists Rowland Evans and Robert Novak wrote, "No other decision points up Reagan's heightened intent to bring to life his rhetoric."

If there is a blemish on Savimbi in the eyes of his supporters, it is his association with South Africa, from whom he has received arms, air cover and troop support for the last twelve years. But Unita's supporters in Congress and the Administration dismiss the potentially embarrassing South African connection as a simple coincidence of purpose. U.S. support for Savimbi assumes that the South Africans and the United States have a common interest in seeing the

Michael Maren, who writes extensively on African affairs, is now somewhere in West Africa.

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Cubans leave Angola and that the Angolan government, for some reason of its own, wants the troops to stay. Nothing could be further from the truth.

The Cubans cost the Angolan government dearly. Cuba is paid in foreign exchange funds that could be put to much better use. If they could, the Angolans would send the Cubans packing tomorrow. Angolan President José Eduardo dos Santos has said on several occasions that he would be willing to negotiate a Cuban withdrawal if measures could be taken to assure his government's security. Even if one accepts that a Cuban-free Angola is in the United States' best interest, it is difficult to see how backing Unita will achieve that end. It is the pressure from Savimbi that makes the Cuban presence necessary. Without the Cubans, who fly combat missions, train M.P.L.A. troops and serve as a last line of defense, the Angolan government would probably fall.

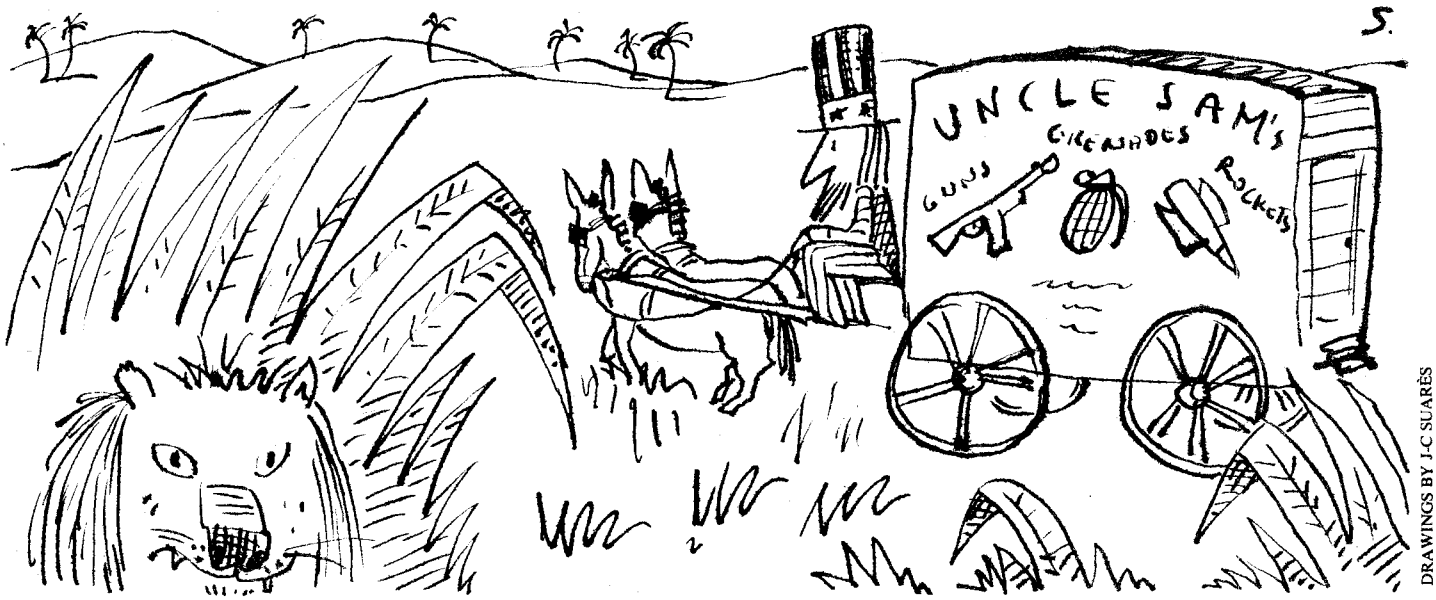
The United States is the only Western country—discounting South Africa—that has refused to recognize the Angolan government. Savimbi's backers dismiss the indications that there might be room for a gradual and peaceful accommodation and ignore the fact that U.S. businessmen have found Angola a cordial place to do business. They also ignore the fact that more than half Angola's economy is in private hands. Angola has even applied for membership in the World Bank and the International Monetary Fund, a move supported by Britain, France and other Western allies. Admission would require Angola to open its economy to close examination and to pressures to adopt more market-oriented policies. The Angolans have accepted this, but Treasury Secretary James Baker 3d has opposed the application, as have the pro-Unita forces in Congress.

While U.S. policy toward Unita and Angola is as simple-minded as it sounds, the South Africans have a sophisticated strategy that is well served by Savimbi and his allies in Washington. Savimbi's American backers are wrong in thinking that South Africa's goal is to install a Savimbi-led Unita government or to force a coalition with the M.P.L.A.—a rationale that appeals to U.S. moderates. South Africa is interested in maintaining the status quo in Angola: a perpetual and crippling state of war. This was made apparent in October, when South Africa undertook a massive intervention of men and arms into southeastern Angola to rescue Savimbi from a major M.P.L.A. offensive. Unita was supplied with just enough matériel and troop support to stave off the offensive and maintain the status quo, making a military solution to the Angolan stalemate impossible.

South Africa's Defense Minister, Magnus Malan, said that his country's intervention was needed to prevent a Unita defeat, which would have resulted in Communist domination of the region. Despite the fact that South African invasions have been commonplace over the past twelve years, this was the first time that South Africa has publicly admitted to intervening in Angola.

An Angola that is torn by war and kept economically disrupted is an Angola that is pacified. An Angola that is at war denies access to ports to Zambia and Zimbabwe, keeping those countries dependent on South Africa's transportation routes for their survival. War in Angola also offers the South Africans the opportunity to invade and root out guerrillas of the South West African People's Organization (Swapo), who are fighting for the independence of Namibia from South Africa. And the Cuban presence in Angola, necessitated by the war, attracts U.S. support for South Africa's occupation of Namibia under the policy of "linkage." South Africa has persuaded the United States to see Namibia's independence as a quid pro quo for a Cuban withdrawal from Angola—a fiction that Pretoria has no intention of carrying out. Finally, as the price of his reliance on South African arms and assistance, Jonas Savimbi will repay South Africa by preventing Swapo from using southern Angola as a base. The entire scenario in Angola serves only to perpetuate South Africa's occupation of Namibia.

The South Africans would see peace in Angola, even if it was presided over by Savimbi, as a threat. Whatever can be



DRAWINGS BY J-C SUARÈS

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said about Savimbi, he is not a South African pawn. His long career has been marked by opportunism, and his current incarnation as an anti-Communist guerrilla is only the latest guise of a man who was once a Maoist. The South Africans, who know him better than anyone, know that he is, at best, unpredictable. While Pretoria's agenda is the defense of apartheid, Savimbi's is personal power, even at the cost of a negotiated settlement. Sincerely or not, he has declared himself willing to sit down and talk with President dos Santos. Last month he added that he did not insist on the withdrawal of Cuban troops as a precondition.

In keeping its black-ruled neighbors poor and dependent, the South African government is also playing to its domestic audience, perpetuating the myth that majority rule would mean ethnic warfare. South Africa also fears Angola's economic potential. With only 8 million people, vast oil reserves, diamonds, coffee and other agricultural possibilities, Angola is one of the few African states with the immediate ability to break out of poverty. An economically vibrant Angola would enhance the economies of the entire region and encourage the formation of a strong united front against apartheid.

The South Africans are thinking ahead. Every day of war in Angola further depletes that country's resources and collapses its infrastructure, buying time for South Africa's white minority regime.

South Africa's policy in Angola is an intensified version of its regional strategy of destabilization. In Mozambique, South Africa provides an arms lifeline for Renamo (a Portuguese acronym for Mozambique National Resistance), a brutal band of terrorists whose only accomplishments have been the massacre and mutilation of thousands of civilians and the transformation of Mozambique into a country of refugees. As in Angola, the violence has closed the ports, keeping landlocked mineral exporters like Zambia and Zimbabwe completely dependent on South African ports. Renamo has no political agenda and no popular backing, and its forces are regarded by Mozambicans as *bandidos armados* ("armed bandits"). Yet it has found political support in Washington. Robert Dole was one of Renamo's major backers, lowering his profile only after publicity that followed a summer of particularly brutal killings by Renamo drew attention to the connection. On September 30, even after the atrocities, Jack Kemp led sixteen Congressmen in sending a letter to Renamo leader Alfonso Dhlakama inviting him to America. The letter commended him for resistance to "Soviet-directed offenses against your freedom fighters" and ended with "best wishes for continued success."

In Zimbabwe, South Africa has provided support to a small group of renegade soldiers from Joshua Nkomo's Zapu, who specialize in killing white citizens. These are the people responsible for the ax murders of sixteen white missionaries last month. Zimbabwe's government-controlled paper, *The Herald*, said afterward that the killings were aimed at "demonstrating that the Government cannot protect the white community." For South Africa, the incident can be used as a parable of what happens when you have a black government.

Against this background of South African–inspired havoc, U.S. conservatives have continued to press Savimbi's case. Dole, writing in *The Washington Times*'s *Insight* magazine in March 1986, claimed, "The Angolan Marxists aren't going to negotiate until they have to, but they won't have to unless Dr. Savimbi and his freedom fighters have the tools to neutralize Soviet and Cuban firepower." Now, almost two years later, the Reagan doctrine is still allegedly at stake and Savimbi still needs a little more firepower to force the Marxists to negotiate. The M.P.L.A.'s failure to dislodge Unita in October means that the standoff will continue in Angola and that pressure in the United States to support Savimbi will increase. Savimbi's South African–aided "victory" has earned him increased respect in Washington and encouraged his supporters, who like to see evidence that he, unlike the *contras*, can win on the battlefield.

Conservative activism seems to be gaining momentum in Congress as frustration with the failures of the Reagan doctrine mounts. Dan Burton, Republican of Indiana and the ranking minority member of the House Africa subcommittee, has led a group of right-wing Congressmen, including such familiar names as Philip Crane, Robert Dornan and Newt Gingrich, in asking that Assistant Secretary of State for African Affairs Chester Crocker be fired. In letters to President Reagan and Secretary of State George Shultz last August, they accused Crocker of carrying out a renegade policy: "For five years Assistant Secretary of State Chester Crocker has pursued a policy in direct conflict with a fundamental tenet of your foreign policy: the United States should support legitimate, popular, nationalist movements fighting to remove regimes imposed and maintained by the force of Soviet arms." Shultz declined to fire Crocker.

Though this kind of talk can easily be dismissed as the ravings of the right-wing fringe, it is clear that Republican presidential candidates will be put to the test on Southern Africa, particularly Angola, if they want conservative support. The status of Angola in U.S. domestic politics, as a shibboleth of anti-Communism on Capitol Hill, completely avoids the real issues in Southern Africa, as well as U.S. interests there. The South Africans, who do clearly understand what is at stake in Angola, will no doubt be watching these antics in Washington with amused satisfaction. □

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FLUSH TIMES IN HUNTSVILLE

Star Wars Fell On Alabama

DANIEL CHARLES

A traveler driving north through the red clay hills of Alabama who crosses the Tennessee River on Route 231 enters an oasis of affluence in one of the poorest states in the nation. Ahead is Huntsville, where employment has grown 23 percent during the past four years and the local Chamber of Commerce prints up business cards proclaiming "the sky is not the limit" in red ink.

The roads across Huntsville's 3,600-acre Cummings Research Park have names like Technology Drive, Explorer Boulevard, Enterprise Way and Corporate Drive. Along them are the trademarks of the computer-age industrial park, spotless new structures of steel and glass with riddles for names: Dynetics, Sparta, SRS Technologies, Teledyne, Delta Research. At first glance, the city looks like a hotbed of high-tech research and innovation—just what is needed, according to politicians ranging from Jack Kemp to Michael Dukakis, to help cure America's economic woes. In reality, most of the enigmatic facades of Cummings Research Park shield research that is of little use in solving the country's economic difficulties. At worst, it is part of the problem.

The dollars that have ignited Huntsville's growth come from the coffers of the Strategic Defense Initiative, various Army missile programs and a civilian space program that increasingly serves military needs. The Federal government has brought prosperity to Huntsville, but the work it funds is dedicated to the other-worldly technical challenges of Star Wars and space travel. It provides good salaries to thousands of engineers, who in turn bring prosperity to local shopping malls and car dealerships, but little of Huntsville's high-tech research will help build better, cheaper and safer products or insure a productive role for the United States in the world economy.

According to data compiled by the Federation of American Scientists in Washington, D.C., Huntsville's high-tech firms have signed S.D.I. contracts worth $862 million during the past four years, placing Alabama right behind California, New Mexico and Massachusetts among Star Wars beneficiaries. In addition, the National Aeronautics and Space Administration pumped nearly $600 million into Huntsville this year, $412 million of it in the form of research and development contracts.

For space and rocket enthusiasts, Huntsville is hallowed ground, the birthplace of the American rocket industry. The U.S. Army settled hundreds of German scientists and engineers there in 1950, after smuggling them out of Europe following World War II. This team built America's first nuclear missiles as well as the Redstone rockets that carried the first U.S. astronauts into space. The rocket, in turn, created Huntsville, turning it from a sleepy cotton mill town of about 16,000 in 1950 into a sprawling city with nearly 160,000 inhabitants today.

The Army's rocket team, under Wernher von Braun, began by building short-range missiles for the Army. The Army Missile Command, or MICOM, located in Redstone Arsenal, now spends $6 billion every year on short-range, antiaircraft and other missiles of every imaginable type. Only $250 million out of these contracts goes to Huntsville firms.

In 1960, von Braun's team left the Army to put the new civilian space agency, NASA, on its feet. Inside Redstone Arsenal, Building 4488 became the Marshall Space Flight Center, where NASA's engineers mapped out the race to the moon. Marshall's successes are Huntsville's greatest pride, memorialized by the city's massive Von Braun Civic Center, a towering Saturn rocket in its Space Museum and Huntsville's self-proclaimed nickname—Rocket City.

But the hottest R&D program in Huntsville today is one that the Germans left behind at the Army when they moved to NASA—missile defense. For Huntsville, antimissile weapons and strategic defenses are thirty-year-old projects, and veteran engineers bristle at suggestions that S.D.I. is something new. "I don't see any difference now from the way we operated before," said William Davies, deputy for programs at the Army Strategic Defense Command in Huntsville. Even during the late 1970s, when the Carter Administration cut back research on missile defense, "it was a very exciting place technologically," said Davies. "We didn't want the technology to go away."

Since 1985, however, research at the Army Strategic Defense Command is more than technologically interesting. It is the fastest-growing profit-making opportunity to hit Huntsville since the Apollo program.

The Strategic Defense Command handles the largest single share—just more than $1 billion in 1987—of the entire S.D.I. program. More than 20 percent of that money stays in Huntsville, passed on to one or another of the local companies that specialize in S.D.I. work. Few Huntsville firms build hardware. Instead, they produce "analysis," using their computers to study the problems of missile defense and producing mounds of paper on how to solve them. In a sense, the brains of the S.D.I. industry are in Huntsville. "Analysis shows you what you need," said Joseph Moquin, chair of Teledyne Brown Engineering, the largest local S.D.I. contractor.

Teledyne Brown plays a key role in decisions about the future of the entire S.D.I. program. Since 1971 it has had a contract with the Army Strategic Defense Command to evaluate and monitor work done by other contractors on strategic defense–related projects. It serves, therefore, as the Strategic Defense Command's primary source of technical expertise.

Daniel Charles is a freelance journalist and consultant for Spacewatch, a Washington-based research organization on S.D.I. and U.S. space policy.

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When evaluating S.D.I. work, "we may find that we don't have the right [technical] approach," said Moquin. "You swallow hard and tell them what you think." But critical analysis of the program's overall goal is not part of his firm's contract. "We've always had a deep-seated conviction that this nation needs a capability of defending itself against attack," said Moquin. Star Wars has turned Huntsville into a major hub on the military contractor circuit, as corporate executives fly in for conferences on upcoming bidding opportunities. The number of hotel rooms in Huntsville has skyrocketed, from 2,300 in 1982 to more than 5,000 today, according to the Madison County tourism board. At 7 A.M. on a weekday morning, restaurants along the major hotel strip are filled with middle-aged men in business suits, and a smattering of Army officers.

Star Wars is not the sole cause of Huntsville's current prosperity. Contractors for NASA and Army programs are thriving as well, and two of the fastest growing local firms (founded by engineers who once worked for NASA and the Army) produce computer equipment for the commercial market. But the impact of S.D.I. is unique, flooding about a dozen Huntsville firms that work on ballistic missile defense with almost limitless possibilities for growth. Nichols Research Corporation, as an example, has seen its revenues shoot practically off the graph, rising from $5.3 million in 1982 to $38.5 million in 1987.

"There's an ungodly amount of money in this town," said Dave Harris, a public affairs officer with the Army Missile Command who moved there in the late 1950s. Awash in loose cash, the city was ripe for financial scandal, and Huntsville has just suffered through a particularly embarrassing one. A fraudulent investment manager named Steven Streit, who acquired a reputation for financial acumen with the help of phony earnings statements, rapidly collected $18 million from Huntsville's trusting nouveaux riches. He now faces twenty years in jail.

The new Huntsville elite is relentlessly looking forward, and seems almost obsessed with growth. The Chamber of Commerce trumpets the city's allures for companies seeking a new home: low corporate taxes, special tax breaks, free help in grading and draining construction sites, and "union membership that comprises only 15 percent of the labor force."

Since 1941, when Redstone Arsenal first opened, the city has taken a roller-coaster ride on the back of federally funded military and space projects. As a result the Old South died early in Rocket City. The city that has emerged has closer ties to Washington than to Montgomery.

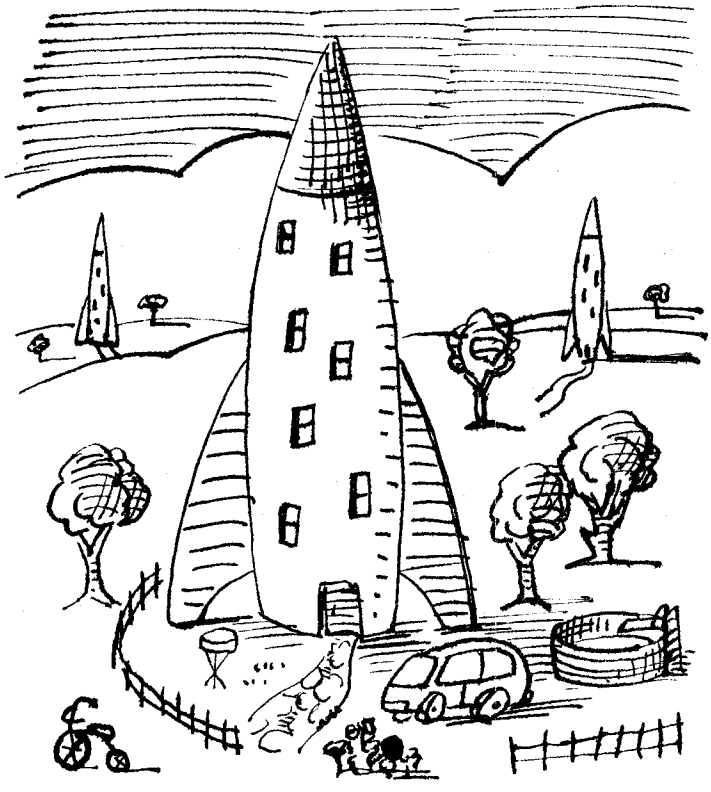
In the early 1960s Huntsville's leading citizens quickly sided with the Federal government when the Kennedy Administration challenged the State of Alabama over segregation. Local housing managers at first refused to comply with an order to end segregated military housing, said Dave Harris, but the Army enlisted the aid of a prominent banker who had loans outstanding on about 85 percent of the properties involved. "We went door to door together," Harris recalled. "You'd be amazed at how fast people signed those papers."

Many in Huntsville say that the city is the least race-conscious in Alabama. What counts, they say, is achievement. "There is a meritocracy going on here," said Bob Ward, managing editor of the *Huntsville Times* and past president of the Chamber of Commerce. "Individuals can graduate instantly to the 'A' list through achievement and commitment to the community."

"It's the Wild West, in a sense," said John Caulfield, the effervescent director of the Center for Applied Optics at the University of Alabama, Huntsville (U.A.H.). "These people are dynamic, they want to see this town move forward." Caulfield's research center was established by U.A.H. at the suggestion of the Army and NASA, both of which regard optics as crucial to S.D.I. and other military programs. Caulfield, for his part, sees helping Huntsville's industry with its R&D projects—both commercial and military—as a major part of his mission.

The Huntsville "meritocracy," however, has losers as well as winners. The old property-owning elite of the city made out just fine, cashing in on Huntsville's growth by selling off real estate at escalating prices. But many holdovers from the old Huntsville who lacked the wealth to buy shares in the city's growth, including much of the black community, have found themselves almost irrelevant in Huntsville's high-tech dreams.

Alabama Agricultural & Mechanical University, a historically black school started by a former slave in 1875, is now overshadowed by U.A.H., its crosstown rival. (U.A.H., which began in the late 1950s as a series of technical graduate courses held inside Redstone Arsenal, is best known for its programs in engineering and applied science.) Huntsville's black community makes up 23 percent of the city, but there is not a single black face in the Chamber of



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Commerce's illustrated, full-color fifty-page brochure that describes the city. Although the unemployment rate in Huntsville remained relatively low throughout the 1980s, hovering around 6 percent, for thousands of citizens the only concern is how to get along on a Social Security or unemployment check. In the midst of the boosterism, say some local observers, the poor are largely ignored. "You have this high-tech boom that makes the marginal people even more marginal," said Gene Hodges, professor of sociology at U.A.H. With its sprawling development and huge parking lots, the city seems to have been built on the assumption that everyone who matters has an automobile. It lacks any public transportation system, so "without a car, you're out of the labor market," said Hodges.

A few months ago, the city's housing authority decided simply to tear down 200 units of low-rent apartments, without making any plans to build or buy additional units. Public protests have so far proved ineffectual, partly because the housing authority is a quasi-private operation over which elected officials have no direct administrative control.

These are not pressing concerns, however, for Huntsville's rocket engineers and Star Wars analysts. By most accounts, they are worthy successors to the young German scientists and engineers who founded Rocket City: devoted to the pursuit of technical knowledge and basically unconcerned with the social and political implications of their work.

"There's a great residue of the von Braun legacy," said Ward. Upon arriving in Huntsville, according to Ward, the Germans went to the public library to apply for cards even before arranging water and electrical hookups for their houses. And one of their first community initiatives was to establish a symphony orchestra.

Today's scientists and engineers "want to go to the show or the ballet," said Ward. "But they don't have a great interest in political involvement or activism." That lack of interest extends even to debates over the wisdom of Star Wars. Huntsville is solidly in the pro-S.D.I. camp, but the engineers at Teledyne Brown support S.D.I. more for reasons of job security than because of ideological conviction, said various Huntsville observers.

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Ideologically, Huntsville contains a mixture of old and new conservatism. Pat Robertson would get a strong vote there, said one local journalist; many of the city's businessmen and technicians are "rednecks in ties." But most of the engineers have more in common with California Republicans than with the Moral Majority. Their support for increasing military budgets and minimal government services for the poor is rooted in a secular, individualistic strain of conservatism based on economic self-interest.

Georg von Tiesenhausen, an engineer with the original German rocket team, still lives in Huntsville. "In my opinion," he said, "S.D.I. is money thrown out the window." He said many engineers who work on it, however, "are overwhelmed with the technical challenge"—he paused—"as we were during the V-2 [buzz-bomb] era."

"When is it the responsibility of the scientist to say no to the government?" Carl Sagan asked a crowd of 3,200 in Huntsville last summer. No one responded, but there was scattered applause when Sagan mentioned Huntsville's prominent place among S.D.I. contractor cities. "People say that S.D.I. provides jobs. Well, the situations aren't comparable, but building ovens in Germany provided jobs, too," said Sagan.

One recent engineering graduate from U.A.H. found Sagan's attitude "pretty unrealistic." He would rather work in the civilian space industry, he said, "but it doesn't look like that will be possible," at least if he stays in Huntsville. At the time, he had just come from a job interview with Science Applications International, an S.D.I. contractor.

"It's so easy to get caught up in the details," said one Huntsville engineer who has become an S.D.I. critic in private. "You don't think about the wider implications. You just hope that somebody else is doing that. If you're lucky, you wake up someday and realize that nobody's in charge." But most of his colleagues were uninterested in the ultimate purpose of the Strategic Defense Initiative. "You can't even get 5 to 10 percent of them even to discuss it," he said.

The engineer recalled a secret briefing on scenarios of Soviet nuclear attack at the Army Strategic Defense Command in 1984, early in the S.D.I. program. The speaker introduced one scenario by saying, "We call this the crazy attack." He paused and added, "Actually, all of this is crazy."

That seems a fitting epitaph for Huntsville, a city built on a vision that reaches into space but remains unendingly narrow. After the V-2 project and World War II, said Georg von Tiesenhausen, "I developed an aversion to all things military." How could he then return to building weapons of war in the 1950s, this time for the U.S. Army? "We didn't anticipate war," he answered. "Our horizon was much smaller. We had to fight the Air Force."

Or as satirist Tom Lehrer wrote in the 1960s:

"Once the rockets are up,
who cares where they come down?
That's not my department,"
says Wernher von Braun. □

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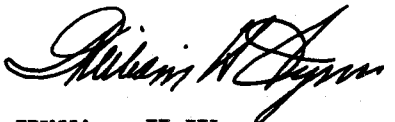

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ASSESSING DENG'S VICTORY

China Takes the Reformist Road

ALISA JOYCE

The staging of the recent Thirteenth Chinese Communist Party Congress in Beijing illustrates the importance placed on symbol and style by a Communist leadership anxious to court the West. After closing the congress, the new party General Secretary, Zhao Ziyang, led a parade of new Politburo Standing Committee members to a press conference and cocktail reception. Decked out in elegant Western-style suits and ties, the new leadership was sending an explicit signal of unity and openness to the West. As the party leaders lined up in order of rank for the world's photographers, Zhao flashed his inside lapel to show his suit was "Made in China."

Zhao's carefully choreographed victory celebration was a performance put on largely for the benefit of China watchers worldwide, and was an opportunity to observe how Western Sinologists find meaning in nuance. A great deal was at stake at this party congress: Would China's senior leader, Deng Xiaoping, actually retire? Would his heir apparent, Prime Minister Zhao Ziyang, triumph over the more cautious conservatives? That the congress was a victory for Deng and Zhao is now clear—that it came as somewhat of a surprise to many observers is also evident. Reporters used phrases like a "brilliant coup" and "nothing less than a rout" to describe the personnel changes engineered by the two leaders. Sinologists are now pondering just how they managed to pull it off.

As always in this field, explanations and speculation vary widely and deliciously. Zhao's victory was a surprise—as the congress convened, it was not at all clear which faction would triumph or how. Inner-party battles for influence among China's leadership are fought behind high walls in Beijing and in secluded seaside resorts to the east. The results are revealed only at staged events, the curtain pulled back to reveal the prize.

Deng Xiaoping himself may be feeling somewhat surprised at his "rout." Over the past year the familiar pendulum swing of Chinese politics had surged strongly back toward what Chinese label the "left": conservatives in the leadership who feel economic reforms have gone too far, fear those who threaten the party's centralized control and despise the creeping "bourgeois liberalization" that has come hand in hand with an opening to the West.

The conservatives were especially threatened in late 1986 by an explosion of cultural liberalization and political discussion in the media and on university campuses. At the end of that year, they used the specter of chaos inspired by student demonstrations to crack down on intellectuals and the media, and finally to oust the more liberal party General Secretary, Hu Yaobang. Emboldened by the silence of Deng Xiaoping, the conservatives eventually overplayed their hand by expanding their criticism to touch on the hallowed ground of rural economic reforms. With this, Deng came quietly forward to signal that the campaign had gone too far. He commented to a visiting foreign delegation in May that "leftism" posed the greatest danger to China's development. Thus, China scholars speculate, the tide began to turn against the conservatives.

What Deng achieved in the October congress was the wholesale retirement of an entire generation of revolutionary leaders, most of whom played leading roles in last winter's conservative backlash. In cutting a swath through the leadership posts, Deng retired nearly half of the Politburo and opened the way for his protégé, reformer Zhao Ziyang, to proceed with the program of economic modernization that had been stalled since last year. Joining new General Secretary Zhao on the powerful Politburo Standing Committee are a quartet of younger leaders whose commitment to reform is clear but whose allegiance to the methods and pace of it is less sure.

Although younger and better educated, they still represent the compromises made during pre-congress negotiations and the struggles that remain over the fundamental issues of policy within the party. At least two of the five—Zhao himself and Hu Qili—are considered firm supporters of a vigorous reform program, while the other three—Li Peng (expected to replace Zhao as China's Premier), Qiao Shi and Yao Yilin are more closely allied with older politicians and a more cautious pace of economic reform. Although the new leadership is united in wanting China to move forward, one China scholar described them as "Janus-faced, looking back to the past and forward to the future."

No one expects the conservative forces to retire gracefully into the back alleys of Beijing, and their influence will continue to be felt until they die. Deng himself, while relinquishing most posts, retained the powerful chairmanship of the Military Affairs Commission, where he will continue to wield the ultimate decision-making power. Although Zhao was also given a position on that commission, thus further consolidating his control over the various power-brokering factions, Deng's chairmanship still poses a problem. One China expert called it a "nuclear deterrent"—if Zhao is forced to call upon Deng to mediate between factions, he risks destroying his own legitimacy at the top of the leadership.

Zhao Ziyang laid down the policy directions for the party congress in his working report delivered on the opening day. It made a forceful argument for continued economic reform and modernization and stressed the need for political restructuring of the bureaucracy. This now becomes the official line of the Thirteenth Party Congress and the blueprint for China's development.

Zhao's central thesis was that China is now and will remain until the year 2050 in the "primary stage of socialism," during which virtually any form of economic experimenta-

Alisa Joyce, a former reporter for The MacNeil/Lehrer NewsHour, *lived in China from 1982 to 1984.*

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tion is justified. With this theory, Zhao has established a basis in Marxist ideology for market experimentation and given official sanction to economic practices that, in any other system, might be called capitalist. "Socialism with Chinese characteristics," in the favorite phrase of Chinese politicians, is now redefined to mean anything that works to develop the country. By signing on to the document, conservative party leaders have relinquished any future opportunity to question or criticize the political orthodoxy of reform policies. When asked recently by a foreign delegation what this Marxist formulation actually meant, Zhao reportedly responded, "It's a way of keeping people like you from asking whether we are going capitalist."

With the ideological basis for reform now set in concrete, the leadership faces the challenge of putting new policies into practice. Western and Chinese observers are skeptical about whether Zhao has enough real political momentum to achieve this. One Western scholar pointed out that the new leadership is still hedging its bets by continually stressing in the working report the Chinese socialist catechism of adherence to the "four cardinal principles"—upholding the socialist road, the people's democratic dictatorship, the party's leadership and Marxist-Leninist-Maoist thought. Maintaining strict political discipline in China, however, may eventually work against the other goals of reform, openness and development.

China watchers were worried that there were meaningful blank spaces in the report where several controversial issues were avoided. These include price reform, the dismantling of urban subsidies, the opening of labor markets and a bankruptcy law. In addition, while Zhao's working report acknowledged the need for structural reform of the political system, the goals of political stability and party supremacy clearly take precedence. Western Sinologists agree that the continuation and success of economic reform depend on significant changes in the political bureaucracy and that these are unlikely in the near future.

The debate among U.S. Sinologists about the prospects for reform in China is an interesting contrast to the approach of Sovietologists grappling with the phenomenon of *perestroika*. China scholars have always looked for a constant and stable progression in China's political development. They have been frequently surprised, therefore, and disappointed by the convulsions, purges and campaigns that continue to clutter the political landscape. Political change in the Soviet Union, however, has generally been viewed more skeptically, and the recent setbacks in Gorbachev's reform program—such as the ouster of Moscow party chief Boris Yeltsin—have been greeted with a certain degree of smugness and an outpouring of long-suppressed pessimism about Gorbachev's prospects. Where China scholars have, perhaps naïvely, always hoped for the best, Soviet scholars seem always to have expected the worst. Thus, while China's reform efforts are headlined "China Goes Capitalist," questions about the Soviet Union begin with "Will Gorbachev fail?" and are followed by "What happens if Gorbachev succeeds?" As Dusko Doder, a former Moscow *Washington Post* correspondent put it, "In the West, the truth about the Soviet system has always been less important than the threat the system implied."

This perceptual bias stems, in part, from the fact that U.S. images of the two Communist giants are very different. One is a superpower posing, in conventional U.S. thinking, a strategic threat to the West. The other is a very poor Third World country whose military poses a questionable threat even to small neighbors like Vietnam. Serious study of the Soviet Union began with the cold war and continues to be couched in that terminology; our scholars are called, ominously, "Kremlinologists," and their ranks are filled with émigrés who have been less than sympathetic toward the Soviet leadership. The "smiling masses" pictures brought back to this country by American tourists to China contrast sharply with a collective picture of the Soviet people as gray, glum and somber.

Sinologists, for the most part, have evinced a love of their subject not widely shared by their Sovietologist counterparts. Many China specialists, especially those of the old school such as A. Doak Barnett at Johns Hopkins University, have had a very personal relationship with that country since birth. Some were born and raised in prerevolutionary China, children of missionary parents, and brought to their scholarship an intimate understanding of the roots of the Revolution and an empathy with the impulse for radical change. Accordingly, many twentieth-century China scholars did not view the Revolution of 1949 as a sharp break in Chinese history but saw it in the context of evolutionary change. The 1917 Bolshevik Revolution, by contrast, has traditionally been viewed as a radical departure from a natural, European trend toward constitutional democracy.

Critics of the China field have charged that much of the scholarship is tainted by a political bias, and some China

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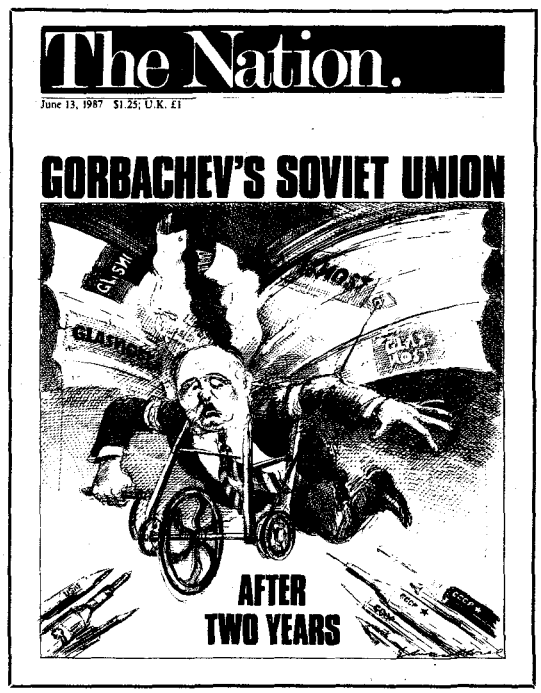

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scholars have agreed. The old school of China watchers was lambasted in the 1950s for its role in "losing" China to Communism. The second generation of specialists, dominated by the New Left thinking of the 1960s and early 1970s, had at least some sympathy for the goals and methods of Maoism. Michel Oksenberg of the University of Michigan, one of this country's most distinguished Sinologists, concedes that, especially during the Cultural Revolution, China specialists were too easily taken in by the rhetoric.

A major breach in the ranks of serious China scholarship came with the publication of two books in the early 1970s by distinguished Belgian Sinologist Pierre Ryckmans, writing under the pseudonym Simon Leys. The first, called *The Chairman's New Clothes*, sought to destroy the illusions of Western scholars about the Cultural Revolution. In *Chinese Shadows*, published in 1977 after a six-month stay in China, Leys lamented the Maoists' systematic destruction of the country's cultural heritage: "The totalitarian cancer, the organized cretinization, the dictatorship of illiterates, the crass ignorance of the external world together with a pathetic inferiority complex toward it—those traits are not the natural features of the most civilized people on earth."

By the time Americans began to flow into China in the mid- to late 1970s, much of the naïveté about the Cultural Revolution had begun to dissipate. This was helped, of course, by the Chinese people's own denunciations, public and private, of that period. Foreign students and teachers, diplomats and journalists listened to endless tales of horror and brutality, of which the West had remained largely ignorant.

Over the past ten years, scholars have become more critical of the Chinese system. An outpouring of writings by Chinese intellectuals about their treatment under Mao and their continued repression under Deng has begun to galvanize a new dissident advocacy group for China. Last winter American scholars broke their traditional silence and sent a petition to Deng Xiaoping denouncing the crackdown on intellectuals. This action may have helped persuade Deng to restrain the conservatives from further purges.

In charting the process of reform in the Communist countries today, both Sinologists and Sovietologists suffer disappointments from raised expectations, and their predictions often swing back and forth between optimism and pessimism. When Hu Yaobang was ousted last January, and when Boris Yeltsin met a similar fate last month, Western scholars decried the seeming betrayals and dolefully pronounced the end of reform. Yet in both cases it appears that the reform-minded leadership is stronger than predicted. In neither country will change come overnight. Marshall Goldman, a Soviet expert at Harvard and one of those most pessimistic about Gorbachev's chances, describes China's reform as attempts at "reversing the direction of a huge tanker in the water."

China scholars may have an advantage here, for they are familiar with the patience that befits an ancient and slow-changing culture. They know that, as they study the choreography of high party politics, ordinary Chinese remain unimpressed and wait to see the effects of policy changes in their everyday lives. ☐

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HIGH-TECH PARANOIA

The Ban That Boomeranged

THOMAS H. NAYLOR

Restrictions on the export of American technology to the Soviet Union are not new. But for the past seven years the Reagan Administration has adopted an increasingly restrictive policy, which a National Academy of Sciences panel criticized recently for being "not generally perceived as rational, credible and predictable."

Under Jimmy Carter, export controls were used sparingly, as punitive sanctions to support his Administration's human rights policy. Dresser Industries, Sperry-Rand, Armco and Control Data were among the relatively few companies denied export licenses by the Carter Commerce Department.

What distinguishes the Reagan Administration's policy from that of previous Administrations is the bitter ideological and political turf war between the Pentagon and the Commerce Department over technology transfer policy. The feud also involves a broader dispute between business and government, and between the United States and its allies, over what items are of strategic value to the Soviet Union. Former Assistant Secretary of Defense Richard Perle demanded—and got—tough export controls on virtually every kind of technology, whether military-related or not. The Commerce Department, on the other hand, has advocated a more moderate policy that would impose export restrictions only on technologies determined to have direct military application. In their most recent clash, the Defense Department accused Commerce of deception and bungling for allowing a Soviet-controlled shipping company in West Germany to buy an advanced computer from a California-based company, National Advanced Systems, in September. (The company wound up buying a Japanese-made Hitachi instead of an I.B.M. computer.)

The Pentagon has not limited its export control activities to American companies. It has lobbied the sixteen-nation Consultative Coordinating Committee (COCOM), which regulates Western multilateral trade controls, to adopt a more hard-line position against the transfer of technology to the Soviet Union. But COCOM's members—including all NATO countries except Iceland and Spain—have been unable to reach a consensus on rules and procedures. Western European members tend to favor much more limited export controls than the Pentagon, covering only those exports that are directly associated with significant military applications. The allies have been pressing the United States to cooperate in winnowing out items that are so widely available as to make controls useless. In exchange, the United States is demanding that other COCOM members improve enforcement.

The harassment of small U.S. firms that export high-tech goods to the Soviet bloc is an example of how Pentagon policy makes companies less competitive, even as the nation's trade deficit in electronics equipment soared in 1986.

Columbus Instruments, a tiny company located in Columbus, Ohio, which specializes in equipment used with animals in medical research laboratories, learned the hard way about the risks of shipping high-tech equipment to the Russians. In June 1985 Dr. Jan Czekajewski, president of Columbus Instruments, shipped $228,000 worth of lab-animal research equipment to a medical symposium in Moscow. Included in the shipment were five personal computers valued at $10,000—none of which contained state-of-the-art technology. One was a clone of an I.B.M. PC-XT made in Taiwan. Dr. Czekajewski did not think that it was necessary to apply for an export license.

Under the Pentagon's Project Exodus, which was set up to stop shipment of strategic items to the Soviet bloc, U.S. Customs agents seized the equipment at New York's Kennedy International Airport, descended upon Czekajewski's offices, confiscated his files and notified television stations of the "critical leak of militarily sensitive technology" narrowly averted by the Customs Service. One television news report showed a map of the world with a red arrow connecting Columbus to Moscow.

Czekajewski went to Eastern Europe to check the availability of microcomputers. To his surprise he found the I.B.M. PC-XT and -AT computers readily available in Poland. He bought a Bulgarian clone of the I.B.M. PC-XT that was virtually identical to his Taiwanese computer. Back in the United States, he wondered if he would need an export license if he decided to ship it back to Sofia.

Now, two and a half years later, Czekajewski still does not have all of his equipment back, and his bout with the Pentagon has cost him several hundred thousand dollars in legal fees, time, energy and lost sales.

One of the most interesting examples of the Reagan Administration's high-tech paranoia involves a proposal from Boston entrepreneur Alan F. Kay to help develop computer systems that would enable the Soviet planning agency, Gosplan, to become more market-oriented. Kay wrote to the U.S. Commerce Department and asked whether an export license was needed to hold a seminar in Moscow for Gosplan officials, at which he would describe the software he'd designed. He received a letter from Dan Hoydysh, then acting director of the Office of Technology and Policy Analysis, indicating that the seminar would require an export license since it "presents a significant risk to our national security."

Other examples of the Pentagon's attempts to impede the flow of Western technology to the Russians include its policy of restricting Soviet scientists' access to international scien-

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tific conferences and to formerly declassified scientific information. In May 1985, as a result of Pentagon pressure, the organizers of an international conference on laser and electro-optical systems classified select papers to keep them from Soviet and East European participants.

Critics of U.S.-Soviet trade claim that the only reason the Russians are interested in trade with the West is to obtain technology to achieve military superiority. The Russians are often depicted by the Pentagon as scientific incompetents who must either buy or steal all of their technology from the West. But the thirty-year history of the Soviet space program is impressive evidence of their achievements in science and technology. Some of the best mathematicians and scientists in the world are Russians. They have state-of-the-art technology in medicine, lasers, space technology, steel production and nonnuclear power engineering. We are the beneficiaries of Soviet advances in coal gasification, welding, electromagnetic casting and metallurgical processes. Soviet-bloc countries hold over 5,000 U.S. patents and some of their technology is even used by Pentagon contractors to develop weapons systems, including the Strategic Defense Initiative. Recently General Motors and General Electric were prohibited by the U.S. government from launching their communications satellites on Soviet rockets.

Therein lies an important reason for their interest in joint ventures with the West. The Russians are particularly eager to gain access to Western marketing, production and financial expertise. It is a myth, cultivated by this Administration, that we have the power to deny the Russians access to our technology. It is virtually impossible for the United States to police the export policies of neutral countries such as Austria, Finland and Sweden. It is even more difficult to monitor technology shipped to the Third World. Through Soviet-owned companies and representatives in the West, it is easy for Soviet technicians to observe, use and evaluate Western technology in a completely open and legal manner.

One result of the Administration's efforts to curtail the shipment of microcomputers to the Soviet bloc has been the creation of a thriving new industry in Eastern Europe—privately-owned manufacturing companies producing clones of American computers. Many types of high-tech equipment that are restricted by export conrols are readily available in the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe.

Inter-Design is typical of the new firms that have emerged in Warsaw since the mid-1980s. Financed by a $3,000 investment from a Swedish businessman in 1983, Inter-Design produces state-of-the-art microcomputers and process control devices for Eastern Europe, the Soviet Union and China, and computer software that it sells for hard currency in Sweden. According to its president, Leonard Zabielski, the firm is extremely profitable and employs thirty people, most of whom are top-flight electrical engineers attracted by "good pay, hard work and extremely interesting projects." None of this would have been possible were it not for Reagan's tough stand on technology, which restricted the supply of American-made computers to Poland.

According to the National Academy of Sciences panel study mentioned earlier, the Administration's effort to crack down on the diversion of technology to the Russians has essentially failed and is costing the U.S. economy over $9 billion a year. The belief that current export controls are unduly restrictive, even counterproductive, is gaining ground in both political parties and among military and intelligence experts. In fact, there is increasing evidence to suggest that Reagan's obsession with denying the Soviet Union access to Western technology may inadvertently be strengthening the hand of the Russians technologically. Scientists in Moscow routinely rely on what Harvard Business School professor Michael Porter calls "market signals" from the Pentagon to help formulate their own technological priorities. They give the highest priority to projects that are most closely related to the technologies that the Pentagon tries the hardest to deny them.

One way in which the Russians have responded to the Pentagon's full-court technological press has been to encourage innovation by offering their scientists new incentives. As a result of the economic reforms adopted in June, Soviet scientists and inventors can reap further benefits from their scientific discoveries by starting their own private management consulting practice. In addition, they will soon be able to earn patent royalties on their inventions. Many Soviet officials hope that these reforms will reduce the emigration of scientists to the West.

Recent developments may lead to some moderation of the Administration's technology transfer policy. The appointment as Secretary of Commerce of William Verity Jr., a leading advocate of increased U.S.-Soviet trade, and Caspar Weinberger's departure suggest a possible shift in the balance of power away from the Defense Department. Proposals to ease American export restrictions—and to ease the Pentagon out of a big share of the export license review process—are part of trade legislation before a House-Senate conference committee. And the Commerce Department is working on simplifying the thicket of laws and regulations that govern the export of thousands of items. In addition, since many economists believe that our $156 billion trade deficit in 1986 was a major contributor to the stock market crash, there may be increased pressure on the Administration from high-tech manufacturers to relax export controls on nonmilitary technology. With increased market pressure it may become even more difficult for the Reagan Administration to conceal the fact that its technology transfer policy is not in the best interest of the American people. □

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A NEW NEW LEFT ON CAMPUS

There's Something Happening Here

MARIA MARGARONIS

Since the demise of the radical movements of the 1960s, optimists have been scanning the horizon for signs that the chill is ending. For some young people, at least, the warmer weather is already here. Last month about fifty activists from twenty-one schools met at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology to lay the foundation of a national student organization. Their immediate goal was to plan a national convention on "realigning the student left," to be held at Rutgers University, on February 5 to 7; their long-term ambition is to build a lasting movement that can change the terms of politics.

The idea for a "new New Left," as some students are calling it, was born at an organizers' meeting at Hampshire College last January, with a little help from midwife Abbie Hoffman. But its deeper origins are in the waves of activism that have licked at campuses across the country for the past three years, largely unnoticed by the national media. Since the first antiapartheid shantytowns sprang up in 1985, 127 colleges and universities have made a commitment to divest all or some of their South African holdings. On campuses from Amherst, Massachusetts, to Boulder, Colorado, C.I.A. recruiters have been met with marches and sit-ins. Last February a Student Fast for Peace in Nicaragua by 1,300 people at forty-two schools raised $40,000 in relief money. More than 500 students have been arrested in political protests in the past year alone. The water is rising, and campus activism could, once again, become the place to be.

The students who gathered at M.I.T. are ready for something larger than local initiatives and more radical and responsive than the national groups available to them. (In the words of one antiapartheid veteran, "Starting, as many of us did three years ago, as little, cute, fuzzy, liberal anti-nuke activists, we've come to the point where we can try to change the wider society.") Their fledgling organization aims to link the many campus groups into a multi-issue movement with chapters from coast to coast, a national voice and strategy, and countercultural force. Determinedly nonsectarian, the core activists understand the difference between having a line and having an analysis. Theirs is a movement to be built rather than joined. As one of them put it, "We can't determine in advance the size and shape of the key that's going to open the door."

At this early stage, the organization's form and structure are still the subjects of heated debate. But the spectrum of concerns is already in place, from South Africa and Central America to racism and poverty at home to what a long discussion paper calls "the 'Yuppism' that has come to define our social competence: the inability to relate to others except as superiors, competitors or inferiors." And the analysis is clearly a left one, defined in opposition to liberalism as well as to the right—many of the students, after all, have come by their radical politics against the ivy wall.

If some of this sounds familiar, that, as they say, is no accident. These students know their history. Participatory democracy is their watchword; they refer often, and with a becoming self-consciousness, to Students for a Democratic Society. But their project is not just the fantasy of a 1960s rerun. They have solid organizing experience behind them, as well as contacts and support on more than a hundred far-flung campuses, among them the University of Texas, Austin; the University of Minnesota; the University of Vermont; Hofstra University; and Slippery Rock State College.

They are also determined to avoid the mistakes of the older generation. To that end, much of the M.I.T. conference's first day was devoted to long, painstaking workshops on sexism and racism. Carefully, intensely and (sometimes) with humor, the students swam between the Scylla and Charybdis of "my issue"-ism and liberal guilt. In a room overcrowded with white faces, they unfolded their commitment to a multiracial movement and talked realistically and hard about how to make it work. (One informal contribution was the slogan "Some satisfaction with Jesse Jackson.") The seriousness and excitement of that many-sided conversation is difficult to capture, but it hinted at the young organizers' potential to draw and move their peers—and anyone else who cares to listen.

The Reagan era isn't over yet, and the children of the 1980s have a great deal to work out before they can build a national movement, for themselves and with what's left of the left. But as the times begin to lean toward changing, such efforts deserve all the support they can get. As one organizer of the upcoming convention said, "Hope is not naïve but radical." □

Bureaucrat

(*Continued From Front Cover*)

1960, Brazil and Tanzania in 1965—that were in the midst of or emerging from, C.I.A.-backed coup attempts. In 1962 he won a State Department medal for his role in the Congo, and he was the State Department desk officer overseeing the crisis there in 1964, a cold war melodrama that featured the now-familiar cast: C.I.A. agents, mercenaries, Richard Secord and various right-wing Cubans.

If there is no proverbial smoking gun in all of this, there is an unmistakable pattern. Carlucci was offered the number-two job in the Central Intelligence Agency in 1977 even though he had no known intelligence experience. Carlucci told the Senate Intelligence Committee that Vernon Walters, a senior C.I.A. official infamous for covert machinations, could vouch for him. Walters directed the agency's involvement in the 1964 Brazilian military coup just before

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Carlucci was stationed in the country.

Carlucci's career, in fact, illustrates the fallacy of the smoking gun. Smoking-gun journalism tries to find the one individual whose actions have resulted in an abuse of power. But a bureaucrat like Carlucci accomplishes his goal by acting in concert with others, not by going off on his own. Each functionary on the administrative assembly line performs a narrowly defined, officially sanctioned task. To search for Carlucci's smoking gun is as misguided as to search for the one auto worker or General Motors executive responsible for Detroit's lousy cars. The fallacy of smoking-gun journalism is to hunt for extraordinary individual wrongdoing when the real story may lie in the ordinary functioning of the bureaucracy that is collectively responsible for malfeasance.

Carlucci's appointment to the C.I.A. in 1977, according to the *Washington Star*, was intended to soothe the old guard of the C.I.A. These senior officials were disturbed by President Carter's purge of the clandestine services. Many of those same officials would, within five years, begin to play key roles in the unfolding Iran/*contra* affair. And when these officials found themselves in trouble again in 1986, who was appointed to restore the bureaucratic calm but one Frank Carlucci.

Coincidence? Conspiracy? Or the normal functioning of bureaucracy? "Coincidences" certainly abound. Retired Major General Secord (who, like Carlucci, had won a medal for his role in the Congo) had a brush with the law in 1982. It seems Secord's business associates—some of those same C.I.A. officials who needed mollifying in 1977—were under investigation for defrauding the Pentagon. Carlucci reinstated Secord to the high-ranking Pentagon post from which he had been removed [see "Beltway Bandits," November 28]. Today Secord and the former C.I.A. officials are prime targets of special prosecutor Lawrence Walsh in his investigation of the Iran/*contra* funds diversion.

Carlucci, in effect, has explained why there is no smoking gun, only bureaucratic routine. He told *The New York Times Magazine* that he merely helped Secord on the recommendation of subordinates. Thus, Carlucci did not deny he was responsible for assisting Secord, yet he did not leave himself open to any damaging follow-up stories. In November, when the indictment of Secord was widely rumored and Carlucci's nomination was front-page news, no Washington reporter mentioned Carlucci's intervention on Secord's behalf. No smoking gun, no story.

Lacking a smoking gun, Washington journalists are more comfortable with portraying Carlucci as a bureaucratic survivor. The story of the paper shuffler who rises on luck and lack of principles is a staple of Washington journalism. It appeals to the folk wisdom about bureaucrats yet skirts the touchy question of covert operations.

Numerous profiles written about Carlucci have suggested that the man is the walking embodiment of the Peter Principle. He was given his first major political post by a friend, a wrestling mate at Princeton University. As Deputy Defense Secretary during Reagan's first term, his administrative reforms consisted of recycling several measures that were decades old and ineffectual. When he moved to the private sector in 1983 to run Sears World Trade, an import-export firm, the venture quickly flopped. *Fortune* dubbed Carlucci's lavish corporate headquarters the "house of overhead." This is the management style now apparently in demand at the Pentagon.

Of course, there is no necessary contradiction between Carlucci the bumbling survivor and Carlucci the covert operator. Earlier this year, *The Washington Post* disclosed that Carlucci, during his C.I.A. years, had supervised a covert operation in South Yemen. Stansfield Turner, Director of Central Intelligence under President Carter, pronounced the scheme "harebrained" but let it proceed. The luckless Yemeni rogues under Carlucci's supervision were eventually captured and ten of them went before a firing squad. Carlucci's reputation as the quintessential survivor gained fresh meaning.

Now that Carlucci is Secretary of Defense, the covert operator is ignored and even the slightly skeptical image of the ultimate survivor has been discarded. The image of the competent manager holds sway. Carlucci, according to David Broder of *The Washington Post*, is a man of "maturity and judgement who can work comfortably with those in Congress . . . who may differ with [him]." Broder's colleague Lou Cannon says Carlucci's "professionalism and common sense are more valuable in the pursuit of national security than unrestrained ideological fervor."

This Carlucci is the product of another sturdy tradition of Washington journalism: high-ranking career officials who eschew overt expressions of ideology and who display "pragmatism" are accorded deep respect. This tradition requires giving Carlucci's actions more praise than scrutiny.

A 1982 General Accounting Office report documented Carlucci's idea of professionalism: He knowingly allowed defense contractors and Air Force officials to collude on bidding. A *Post* investigation concluded in 1985 that Carlucci's Pentagon management policies had been designed for "higher industry profits." This was the competent manager that Caspar Weinberger needed and wanted at the time.

Now Carlucci's job is different. Weinberger's spending binge is over, the defense industry faces a public and Congressional backlash. The Iran/*contra* scandal might make Congress more vigilant about covert action. Carlucci is, to the dismay of right-wing absolutists, willing to conciliate Congress by cutting the defense budget and accepting the intermediate-range nuclear forces treaty. His larger task is to insure that public indignation does not result in significant restrictions on the power and procedures of the national security bureaucracy.

To call Frank Carlucci a "competent manager" is understatement. Like the bureaucracy that bred him, Carlucci has a record of dubious covert actions, foreign policy fiascoes, corporate profligacy and skirting the law—yet he receives unique and universal praise from Congress and the media. He is a brilliant manager of the Washington press corps and a nimble custodian of the national security bureaucracy that Congress prefers not to control. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

Our Man in Managua

GEORGE BLACK

CARLETON BEALS: A Radical Journalist in Latin America. *By John A. Britton. University of New Mexico Press. 309 pp. $24.95.*

It's almost sixty years since Oswald Garrison Villard, then editor of *The Nation*, sent Carleton Beals to Nicaragua. The assignment—travel to Jinotega, interview guerrilla leader—sounds almost commonplace today. But the mental landscape of the present needs to be stripped away. In February 1928 there were no *contras*, no sandalistas, no Inter-Continental Hotel, even—*gracias a Dios*—no Stephen Kinzer. In those days, for all its problems, Nicaragua was far from being the full-blown colony of the U.S. imagination that it is today.

Back then a freelancer's trip to Nicaragua was not as easy as it is now. Even with the 1985 embargo on the direct flight from Miami, it's still just a hop and a skip—a plane to Mexico City, another from there to Managua—with the only real obstacle being the quirky Aeronica timetable. As compensation for the *longueurs* of the trip, the contemporary traveler can while away the time with many sorts of companions: Congressional aides on a junket, Witnesses for Peace, the *Soldier of Fortune* crowd, aspiring stringers for small-town papers.

Back in 1928 there was almost no way to get there and nobody to string for. A new company called Pan American Airways had made the first ninety-mile crossing from Key West to Havana at the end of 1927, but it didn't add its mail run through the Central American capitals until 1929. You couldn't even drive to Managua by the Pan American Highway: The Automobile Club of Southern California, which mapped the route, didn't begin to do so until 1930, and even then only got as far as San Salvador.

In the late 1920s, which were something of a boom period for travel writing and pop anthropology, a few adventurers did make it to Nicaragua. For some, it was a brief stopover on the steamer route to the Panama Canal, to which thousands of affluent tourists flocked to see the wonderful American victory over disease and the jungle. This meant a night or two in Corinto, a three-block town where the tiny foreign community spent its time playing whist and dodging the noonday sun. A second, bolder group of travelers took the slow train (the only kind there was) from Corinto, past the line of volcanoes, to Managua. Over cocktails at the American Minister's residence, they might run into fellow wanderers like the man from Carpenter's Guides, updating his chapter on Nicaragua and Honduras, or the indomitable, lantern-jawed British explorer F.A. Mitchell-Hedges, author of *Battles With Giant Fish*, on his way to uncover fresh Mayan ruins at the expense of the Hearst newspaper chain. The bravest of the party might head out to the smoking crater of the Masaya volcano to watch the green parakeets swooping in and out of the sulfurous updrafts—a trip that meant hacking one's way across treacherous lava flows and dodging poisonous snakes (no TurNica buses in those days to run the daily tourist shuttle). But most of the travelers' tales of the day speak of Managua as a hell on earth: red dust half the year, red mud the remainder. Unlike San Salvador, which was known on the circuit as quite the chic metropolis, Managua was considered a diplomatic graveyard, like a posting to Ouagadougou.

The interior was even more daunting. Getting there in 1928 was strictly by muleback—unless you were a U.S. Marine, in which case you came in a Fokker trimotor bomber. Or unless you were Harold Denny of *The New York Times*, in which case you were ferried around by the Marines, those "obliging warriors against Sandino" as he called them. Denny had little time for the Nicaraguans, whom he described as "charming, but in many ways so futile." The conflict with Sandino was, for Denny, a crude racial contest between order and chaos. The rebel troops, he wrote, were "men who could kill with ferocity unknown to any white soldier." But what sport war could be! The aerial bombing of Sandino's base camp at El Chipote was "one of the most exciting day's work since the Sandino operations started."

Plus ça change. Now, the young naifs from *The New York Times* and *The Washington Post*, in need of a front-page story for the Arias plan deadline, slip into their Banana Republic gear, strap on their Tandy 200s and check in with the *contras'* well-oiled propaganda outfit in Tegucigalpa. No problem: Today's obliging warriors against the Sandinistas tell them to take their rented Toyota Landcruiser to Jinotega. There the reporter will be met by a *contra* honor guard for a two-day trek to show how the simple peasant folk love them. There's just enough danger—clambering up vertical mud-slopes, dodging Sandinista patrols, risking the horrors of leishmaniasis, or at the very least an epic bout of dysentery—that when you get back to the bar at the Inter-Continental and order up a *nica libre* ("doble por favor!"), you can look forward to the almost sexual *frisson* which accompanies the telling of a good story, secure in the knowledge that your paper still goes in first where others fear to tread.

Back in 1928, Harold Denny, trading in the same blithe certainties as his successors, told the world that the bombing raid on El Chipote had left Sandino dead, or at least gravely wounded. But on February 3, at the end of a twelve-day ride from Honduras, Carleton Beals found him, alive and well, at San Rafael del Norte, ironically just a few miles from Hilquero and Guapinol, the datelines for those *contras*-kiss-babies stories in *The Times* and *The Post* on November 5. The Sandino interview secured Beals's reputation and entered the private mythology of *The Nation*, but it cost the author a lingering back injury, the result of being thrown from his horse. (His fee from *The Nation* did not even cover the medical bills—*plus ça change. . . .*)

The Sandino episode is also at the heart of John Britton's book, though I wish Britton had taken the story a little further. One aspect of Beals that he has missed is the man's intense self-awareness as a journalist and his equally severe criticism of his colleagues. The backdrop of the Sandino interview was an unpopular foreign war, and Beals wrote scathingly of the State Department's efforts to exercise damage control in ways that are familiar today—with stage-managed press conferences, media events and photo opportunities. One example was the attempt to distract attention from the war in Nicaragua by having Charles Lindbergh make a "good-will" flight around the region between December 1927 and February

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1928. Beals had a magisterial contempt for the pieties of F.D.R.'s later Good Neighbor policy, which talked about the United States' southern neighbors as if they were all members of a kind of gigantic Rotary Club. He was equally disdainful of the journalists who fell for it.

Beals's iconoclasm went beyond the State Department. During the bitter polemics of the 1930s he also fell afoul of many fractious groups on the left. Britton devotes an interesting chapter to the events of 1937, when Beals, a populist in the Debs tradition, agreed to join a committee of prominent intellectuals that sought to question Leon Trotsky, then in exile in Mexico, on the substance of Stalin's charges against him. Beals was asked to be objective, but he took that mandate too literally for the organizers' liking. While the other questioners were eager to exonerate Trotsky and condemn the Moscow trials, Beals was set on establishing Trotsky's bona fides, and often asked his witness hostile questions. For his pains, he was accused of just about every form of heresy. Isaac Deutscher called him a Stalinist; Trotsky himself thought Beals was part of the monstrous G.P.U. conspiracy. Beals, who had been a well-informed and passionate antifascist since observing Mussolini's rise to power in 1921, now found himself contending with the same dogmatism from the left, the same obsessions with ideological purity, disease and contamination (what Trotsky called "the elementary demands of political hygiene").

In the end, Beals's involvement in the Trotsky episode left him bitter but amused by his own role as a straw man for others' ideological disputes. "Everybody seems to have stuck up a dummy called Carleton Beals into which they have been plunging their verbal bayonets," he wrote. "I wish them all success in such brave storming of the revolutionary battlements."

Those fierce and sterile debates about Stalin and the Soviet Union were followed by the first attempts by U.S. intellectuals to think about what would later be called the Third World in its own terms. Not that Beals was exactly a dependency theorist *avant la lettre*, but along with contemporary Latin Americanists like Frank Tannenbaum he tried to shift the frame of reference in ways that are striking when one thinks of the state of the academy at the time. The "advanced" position in official circles around 1930 was typified by men like Raymond Leslie Buell, research director of the Foreign Policy Association, who declared after a summer in Central America that old clichés about the region's instability were out-of-date, since, thanks to the U.S.-sponsored Nicaraguan elections of 1928, it was now governed by "presidents at least tolerably acceptable to articulate opinion." Buell thought this was no mean achievement, since "Central America is in the tropics and is inhabited by a population predominantly Indian." Beals's criterion was not whether the governments of the day were acceptable to "articulate opinion" in Washington but whether they had anything to offer the "largely Indian" population. That was radical in the 1930s, and it's radical today. I suspect that Beals would have felt at home with a phrase that is often used in Nicaragua today: "the logic of the majority."

Although Nicaragua is what he is best remembered for, and Mexico the country he probably knew best, my favorite among Beals's books is *The Crime of Cuba*, which was published in 1933. It works best because of the interplay between Beals's prose and Walker Evans's photographs, which set a new standard for the realistic depiction of Latin American life and departed radically from the stock images of the period: Latin America as alien terrain, a wilderness, alternately quaint and repellent, to be conquered by American ingenuity; Havana as a winter playground during Prohibition. Evans's images are both documentary and lyrical—a stevedore, a bread line, a pair of lottery ticket sellers.

In blessed contrast to the hubris of many journalists, Beals maintained a healthy irony about the limits of his profession. Two months after interviewing Sandino, he wrote to his father:

> I have no illusions and know that I am swimming against the current for the next two hundred years or so, but there is some zest even in that, and a convenient feeling of irony. About the only effects my warblings will have, as well as those of others similarly minded, I presume, will be to put the brakes on the mad process, so that it proceeds with more decorum.

Beals died on June 26, 1979, while Anastasio Somoza was still bombing the Managua slums. The standard observation to make is that he should have lived three more weeks to see the Sandinistas enter Managua, and it is tempting to wonder where he would stand in the polemics of the 1980s. It's easy to imagine him fulminating against the State Department. But I can also see him

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holed up on his Connecticut farm, with his cat Smokey, like some cranky political version of J.D. Salinger, trying to fend off the tribes of leftists who would surely wish to lay claim to his legacy. Reclaiming the figures of the past for the schema of the present is always a fruitless exercise. Enough to remember Beals in the context of his times, as one of the first writers to begin posing the right questions about the United States and the awful limits of its vision of its neighbors. John Britton's book helps us do that. □

Daughter of Democracy

ORVILLE SCHELL

AGNES SMEDLEY: The Life and Times of an American Radical. *By Janice R. MacKinnon and Stephen R. MacKinnon. University of California Press. 425 pp. $25.*

Agnes Smedley was one of those rare American radicals whose politics grew directly out of her own experience. As Janice and Stephen MacKinnon write in their marvelous new book, "Her political commitment sprang basically from personal rage over the indignities she and her family had suffered in the mining towns of the West." Freda Utley, a one-time Communist Party member who ultimately turned against Soviet Communism described Smedley as "one of the few spiritually great people I have ever met, [with] that burning sympathy for misery and wrongs of mankind which some of the saints and some of the revolutionaries possess."

In spite of her humble beginnings, which she wrote about so movingly in her autobiography, *Daughter of Earth*, Smedley managed to educate herself and to make her way to California, where, the MacKinnons explain, she "joined the Socialist Party less for its theoretical insights or Socialist vision than to satisfy immediate emotional and social needs." After a disastrous marriage, she ended up in Greenwich Village where she became involved with the feminist and Indian-independence movements, and met the *haut monde* of postwar American political activism—people such as Margaret Sanger, Käthe Kollwitz, Roger Baldwin and Emma Goldman.

From New York she moved on to Berlin, making a trip to the Soviet Union in 1921, where she was less than impressed by what she saw of the authoritarianism of the new Bolshevik state. After one more in a string of disastrous relations with men, this time with the Bengali nationalist Virendranath Chattopadhyaya, who left her penniless in Berlin and on the brink of psychological ruin, in 1929 she departed for China.

In Shanghai, where she spent the next four years writing, establishing contact with the underground revolutionary movement and mixing in Chinese and foreign intellectual circles, she became close to Madame Sun Yat-sen and the writers Lu Xun, Mao Dun, Xu Zhimo and Ding Ling, and found not only psychological peace of mind but the kind of satisfaction in her political work and writing which had evaded her in the United States and Europe. Dedicating herself to the alleviation of the poverty in China, which she felt "press in upon you on every side," she learned to crowd out some of the neediness of her private life. "China has done me much good," she wrote to a friend, writer Karin Michaelis in 1930:

> It has made me a sane woman. . . . No man will ever get his hooks in me again. I shall have men friends and I shall now and then live with a man whom I admire intellectually and who appeals to me physically. . . . There is always a little tendency in me to long for the old kind of love that is senseless and dependent and cruel. But I try to analyze that out of my mind and heart. . . . I hope to socialize all my emotions in that respect. But all this does not mean that I am or ever will be a hardboiled woman.

While Smedley did not become "hardboiled," she certainly did become tough. When China drifted into war with Japan in the 1930s, she headed for the northwest, ultimately reaching areas liberated by the Red Army, where she came face to face not only with China's poverty-stricken peasantry but with the mistreatment of wounded soldiers. At Yan'an, the mountain redoubt of the Red Army, she came to know most of the leaders of the Chinese Communist movement by, among other activities, teaching them how to square-dance and fox-trot. Of all the foreign correspondents in China, it was Smedley who spent the most time at the front, and her impassioned and lucid eyewitness reports appeared in a wide variety of publications, from the *Frankfurter Zeitung* and *Vogue* to *The Nation* and *The New Republic*. Out of her long tenure in China she published *Battle Hymn of China*, about her experiences in that country during the late 1930s and early 1940s, and *The Great Road: The Life and Times of Zhu De*, an adulatory biography of the Red Army General written with empathy and a novelist's eye for detail. Sadly, this sort of writing about China all but ceased when American relations with Peking were severed in the 1950s and that country became the province of academics rather than journalists. While writing was Smedley's profession, it quickly became far more than just a way of making a living. It was a way to connect herself to social change. When her former sister-in-law suggested that she might do better financially by opening a restaurant, Smedley replied, "I have but one work: writing. I'd rather starve and write than make a good living in a restaurant."

Although she was often militant in defense of her political positions, Smedley rarely fell prey to the kind of party-line polemics that made other, more theoretically inclined, leftists embarrassingly doctrinaire. She was never as interested in defending a world view as she was in helping alleviate misery. As Frank Dorn, aide to Gen. "Vinegar Joe" Stilwell, whom she had met in Hankow in the late 1930s, wrote, she was "a radical with a great heart, she refused to submit to any form of discipline and distrusted all political leaders."

Although Smedley was a good writer—one whose reputation has been clouded by unfair political accusations—her tumultuous life had a way of eclipsing her craft. Her defiant independence made her a paragon of political integrity but destined her to be a loner. And it was this sense of loneliness that made her suffer most acutely.

While living in Berlin in the mid-1920s, severe insomnia and depression born of her attempts to reconcile her need for independence with the demands of possessive men finally pushed her into psychoanalysis. She threw herself into this process with the same desperate but hopeful energy that she lavished on her political work and writing. As she wrote to her friend Florence Lennon, "I prefer death to these spells and

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Orville Schell has written widely on China. His forthcoming book, Discos and Democracy: China in the Throes of Reform, *will be published this spring by Pantheon.*

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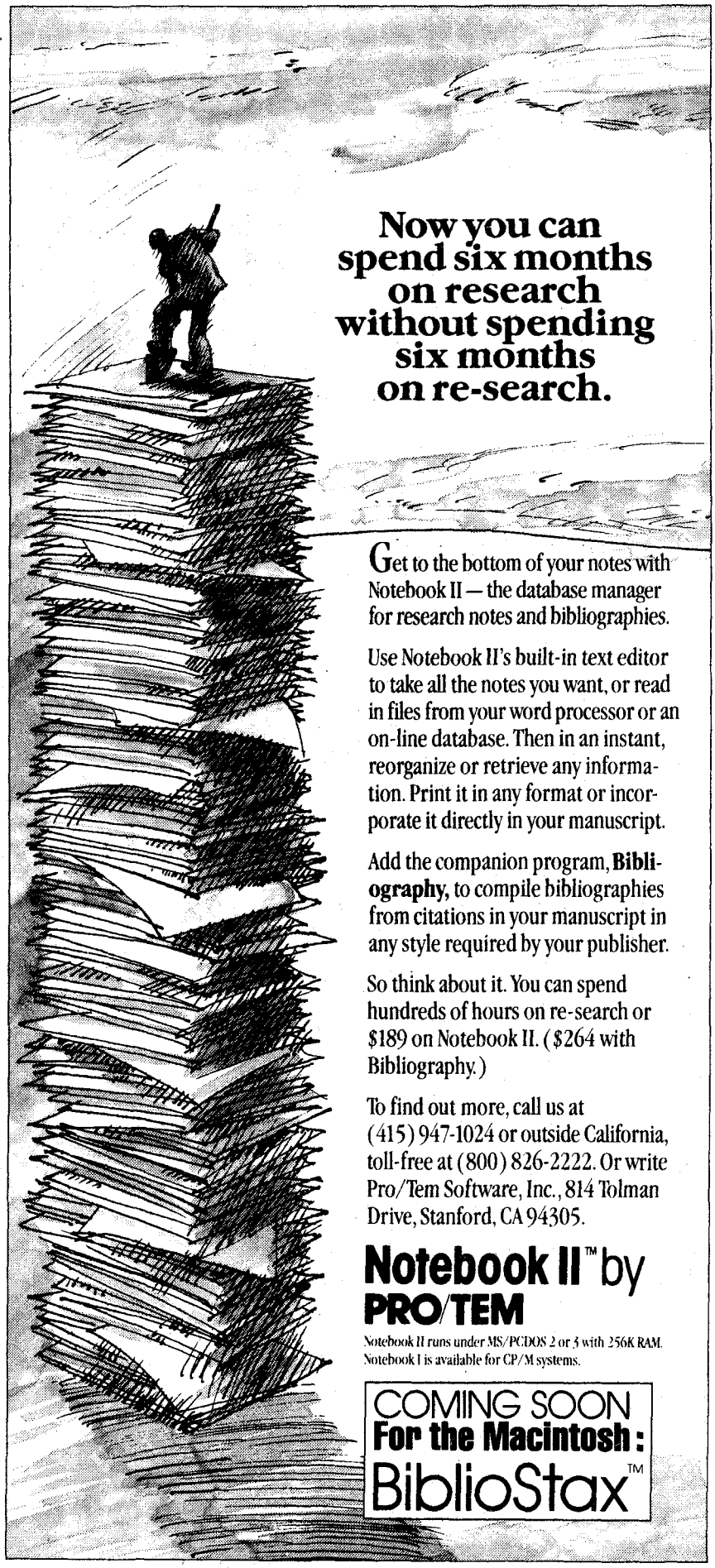
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to sleeplessness. . . . Upon analysis my life depends; there is not a shadow of doubt in my mind now." Smedley's honesty is relentless. She never quite reconciled her need for male companionship and sexual satisfaction with her ambivalence about marriage. Although at one point she wrote to Lennon, "As for sex, I shall certainly help myself to it when I feel that I need it," and although she acquired a reputation for being sexually libertine, she was deeply wary of sexual relations as not only "impure" but oppressive and frightening.

What makes Smedley such an interesting biographical subject is that although she was intensely political and lived through an enormously interesting period of history, she never lost her introspective side. In Agnes Smedley, the MacKinnons have found an unusual American woman whose private odyssey was every bit as fascinating as her public one; whose refusal to accept the world political status quo was mirrored by her refusal to accept the status quo of male-female relationships. Her correspondence with friends about her private dilemmas is every bit as fascinating as the voluminous record of articles and books that she left as a public legacy.

Although Smedley stood resolutely on the "left," she was suspicious of all labels, and contemptuous of the thought of letting any party or political group think for her. And thus it was not only supremely ironic but unjust that in 1949 she was accused of being a Communist spy and finally hounded from America by cold war extremism. Although there was never any evidence to link her to a Soviet espionage ring or the American Communist Party, she was found guilty by association. Whittaker Chambers told the F.B.I. that "everyone knows she is a Communist." *Time* falsely claimed that she had been a contributor to the *Daily Worker*. And, in its files, the F.B.I. itself labeled her a "native born communist" (whatever that is), and a "notorious Communist expert on the Far East."

Despite being associated with almost every radical cause from birth control, civil rights, freedom of speech and feminism to the independence of India and the Chinese revolution, Smedley steadfastly refused to join the American Communist Party. As she wrote of her support for Franklin Roosevelt to Malcolm Cowley in 1941:

> [This] viewpoint infuriates the American Communist Party for they have the theory that once you refuse to

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follow their Party line, you go right over into the ranks of the money lenders. But I am what I always was—a real American democrat of the original brand of democracy, yet demanding that it be extended to economic democracy. . . . My mind may not be the right kind of mind, but it is all I have to go by, and I have not been convinced that it can be handed over to the Party to play with as they wish.

Janice and Stephen MacKinnon have written a painstakingly researched and truly riveting account of this unique American journalist. □

Hometown News

BRUCE SHAPIRO

SPIKED: How Chain Management Corrupted America's Oldest Newspaper. *By Andrew Kreig. Peregrine Press. 229 pp. $19.95.*

There's no busier buzzword in American journalism today than "local." Newspapers owned by multinational corporations want to carve out a new Main Street niche, giving an ironic twist to René Dubos's famous axiom, "Think globally, act locally." From Gannett's *U.S.A. Today* down to small-city dailies, hometown is hot.

But as Andrew Kreig's embittered chronicle of one prominent newspaper demonstrates, "local" as interpreted in the smoothly competitive corporate culture of today's newsrooms doesn't necessarily mean better journalism—or even more local news.

Kreig outlines the recent history and identity crisis of *The Hartford Courant*, founded in 1764 and the most influential paper in New England after *The Boston Globe*. He'd been a reporter at *The Courant* for nine years when, in 1979, its local shareholders sold out to the Times Mirror Company for $106 million. At the time, *The Courant* was a lot like Hartford itself: complacent, middling conservative and dull. Its pages were filled with old-school city reporting along with impenetrably detailed, scarcely edited accounts of civic life in ninety-one of Connecticut's 169 towns.

In 1981, Times Mirror revolutionized *The Courant*'s staid pages. A new editor from the *Los Angeles Times*, Mark Murphy, rampaged into Hartford describing his charge as "an embarrassment to the profession." He hired writers from the local alternative weekly, tripled the business reporting staff, encouraged more stylish writing, expanded the paper's bureaus in Washington and elsewhere and generally sought to give *The Courant* a more sophisticated, even occasionally a cheeky demeanor.

But there was a price to these improvements: Murphy shut many of the suburban bureaus and cut back on city reporting. Soon city coverage was so sparse that one longtime neighborhood activist mounted a campaign against what he dubbed "the Un-Hartford *Courant*." Suburban readers, accustomed to finding every sneeze of their local school board in *The Courant*'s pages, were no less disturbed. Worst of all from Times Mirror's point of view, Hartford's stuffy business establishment was livid at the hints of antiestablishment politics creeping into *The Courant*'s pages.

In less than two years Murphy was out, replaced by Michael Davies—a more conservative, British-born veteran of *The Louisville Times* and *Courier-Journal* and *The Kansas City Star* and *Times*. He'd presided over Pulitzer Prize–winning projects in both towns and was determined to bring the same prestige to Hartford. Outwardly, he had two main missions: to win back valuable suburban readers with renewed "local" coverage, and to placate Hartford's corporate leadership.

The bulk of *Spiked* is devoted to Davies's glad-handing reign in Hartford, which continues to this day. And an entertaining story it is, too, despite Kreig's clumsy style. Some of the incidents he recounts from the period after Davies brought in a horde of Kansas City editors have a perverse charm, like the time a report of an explosion on "East Service Road" came over the newsroom police radio, and not a single one of Davies's editors knew how to get there; turns out the road is the only route to Hartford's police station.

A lot of what he describes, though, is far more grim. An extensive series on toxic hazards in Connecticut workplaces, researched and written over five months by Kreig and other reporters and highly critical of the insurance industry for its reluctance to pay workers' compensation

Bruce Shapiro is a founder and editor of the New Haven Independent, *a weekly newspaper.*

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claims in such cases, was spiked. After intense lobbying by the reporters it was finally revived in a single story buried in a Monday edition. Davies used his personal column in the paper to criticize *The Courant*'s business reporters for being too harsh in describing the problems of West Hartford's Coleco Inc. He overruled his liberal editorial board to endorse Ronald Reagan in 1984 after assuring readers that the paper's endorsements were "a matter of consensus."

Coverage of upscale suburban towns was revived somewhat, but reporting on the city itself was cut back to the point of insignificance. According to Kreig fifteen reporters were assigned to a bureau covering nine small, wealthy, white suburbs at a time when as few as three were covering a city of over 135,000, the fourth poorest metropolis in the nation. And ironically, even that "expanded" suburban coverage was largely an illusion, made to seem more extensive through clever packaging.

Kreig resigned from *The Courant* in 1984, one of 106 reporters to leave during a two-year period. But he's clearly obsessed with the paper. His most valuable contribution to its history comes in his description of Davies's repeated attempts to win *The Courant* major prizes. His research into *The Courant*'s Pulitzer applications tells a lot about the ways newspaper managers and political leaders happily use one another to further their own careers.

One of the most spectacular *Courant* stories of the Davies era was an investigation of supposed goldbricking by state bridge inspectors. In June 1983, a bridge on Interstate 95 collapsed suddenly at 1:30 A.M., dropping cars and trucks into the Mianus River near Greenwich. The problem was a rusted metal pin assembly. A year later, Davies's *Courant* ran a massive five-story package charging "FRAUD, LAXITY" in the state's inspection program. His reporters had combed government records and followed inspectors around; it looked, indeed, like a solid piece of work and was the envy of every news organization in the state. It won *The Courant* every major statewide and regional journalism award, a variety of national honors and was a candidate for a Pulitzer.

To a large extent, Kreig shows, the investigation was hype, riddled with error and exaggeration. More important was how Davies used the bridge story and similar investigations for his own political ends. "Davies," Kreig writes, "typically went after low-echelon functionaries assigned to perform specific tasks, usually connected with safety. The newspaper spent enormous sums to show that some of those people were not performing their jobs adequately. This incompetence, malingering or petty theft was then portrayed as scandal." It was the classic sort of good-government newspaper investigation.

But in the world of newspaper prizes, scandal isn't enough; you've got to prove that the stories had "public impact." So the next step is getting elected officials to work hand-in-glove with the newspaper to further the hype.

> Most [politicians] learned the advantages of allying themselves with the state's most powerful news organization. Gov. William O'Neill was especially adept at gaining headlines by announcing immediate investigations to punish wrongdoers identified by the newspaper. The newspaper then cited the governor's actions in its prize applications and editorials to show the impact of its stories on public affairs.

Kreig doesn't say so, but when O'Neill—a conservative Democrat with a decidedly lackluster record—ran for re-election in 1986 he won an enthusiastic endorsement from *The Courant*. There's no better description anywhere of the mutual back-scratching between newspaper managers and government officials; it's a relationship far more insidious, in some ways, than the well-known symbiosis between reporters and government sources.

Kreig is weakest at drawing conclusions from the stories he presents. He never proves that the corruption he witnessed at *The Courant* resulted directly from chain management or out-of-town ownership. It could as easily have happened had the paper been bought by some contemporary Charlie Kane. And the home-owned dailies whose passing Kreig mourns typically kowtowed to local business, made their police blotters a place where influence could be measured by one's ability to keep a gambling arrest out of print and reflected the Republican bias of most newspaper owners.

In the home-ownership and chain-purchase eras alike, it's taken the enormous resources of rich individuals or corporations to put out even a modest daily paper. By its very nature, competing with television for ad revenues means at once casting as broad a net as possible and giving priority to the affluent.

The only solution seems to be a different kind of newspaper altogether—one that is small in scale, weekly or semiweekly. Such a paper can put one city, town or neighborhood under a microscope and operate without the vast resources of a daily. In fact, there's a quiet but unprecedented renaissance of such community newspapers around the country: Since 1960, the number of daily newspaper readers has remained virtually the same while weekly readership has doubled. If trends continue, more people will soon be reading weeklies than dailies. In Hartford itself, two neighborhood weeklies appeared this year.

We also need a better definition of community journalism, one that includes not just traditional beats like City Hall and the police station but the voices of the workplace and the street corner, one that embraces the alternative press's willingness to question established power while attracting readers who are not in the 18-to-34 age bracket. Such a community journalism—one that recognizes the difference between local and parochial—is the only real answer to media corporations' manipulation of civic affairs. □

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ART.

ARTHUR C. DANTO

Raphael's Drawings

There is enough of an internal connection between artistic expression and the historical period in which it flourishes that, we are all ready to agree, not everything is possible at every time. It would, for example, be difficult to imagine Michelangelo doing what we venerate him for in the time of Giotto, or Leonardo painting the *Last Supper*—or the *Mona Lisa*—when Masaccio executed the *Expulsion From Paradise*. Nor is it easy to imagine Michelangelo or Leonardo painting as they did a century later, after the epic of Renaissance art had climaxed and come to a close with their stupendous performances. In a sense, to make their work possible, each of them required just the sequence of transformations in the way artists represented the world that had in fact taken place. The same must be true in some degree of the third member of the triad in whom the Renaissance impulse achieved fulfillment. Yet it is not quite as difficult to imagine Raphael in much earlier stages of the Renaissance. And it is easy to imagine him painting as Raphael a century or more after his death—for the simple historical fact is that academic art for the next three centuries was more or less defined in Raphaelesque terms. He died in 1520. In 1550 Vasari's *Lives of the Artists* first appeared, in which, in effect, the end of the history of art was declared. It was not, as Browning wrote, that "Suddenly, as rare things will, it vanished," but that the problems of the Renaissance agenda were basically solved: there was no place to go beyond Michelangelo, Leonardo and Raphael. The Age of the Academy was at hand, and indeed the Accademia del Disegno was founded in 1563. This period might just as well have been called the Age of Raphael, and it lasted well into the nineteenth century. Indeed, it was through Raphael's adaptations of their work that Leonardo and Michelangelo survived as part of the curriculum.

It is hardly matter for wonder, then, that those English artists who found confirmation of their views in Ruskin's *Modern Painters* should have designated themselves explicitly Pre-Raphaelite. Difficult as it is to read such a work as Sir John Millais's *Christ in the Carpenter's Shop* as a blow struck for Modernism, it was plain to the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood that art would have to return to some historical node anterior to Raphael and trace another path altogether, if relief was to be found from the tyranny of his forms. Their positive theories were less Modernist than their repudiations. Modernism was given its impetus less by their obsession with visual truth—with transcribing the world as it presents itself, "rejecting nothing, selecting nothing"—than with their negation of academic artifice. Ruskin characterized them this way:

> They intend to return to early days in this one point only—that, insofar as in them lies, they will draw either what they see, or what they suppose might have been the actual facts of the scene they desire to represent, irrespective of any conventional rules of picture-making; and they have chosen their unfortunate though not inaccurate name because all artists did this before Raphael's time, and after Raphael's time did *not* this, but sought to paint fair pictures rather than represent stern facts.

Between Raphael and ourselves there is, accordingly, the whole history of Modernism, which dismantled the conventions and examples of his acknowledged excellence, making him, of the three titanic figures of the High Renaissance, quite the least available to us. The grinding familiarity of the Raphaelesque idiom blinds us to his originality, while Modernism itself desensitizes us to the inducements of the academic *maniera* he invented. And it is perhaps this very historical circumstance that heightens the availability to us of Leonardo and Michelangelo. What we respond to in them are the extravagances that survive the sweet adaptations of Raphael—extravagances that may have looked coarse or uncouth to academicized vision but which, to Modernists like ourselves, embody the very meaning of artistic power and pictorial genius. The price of having been perhaps the most influential artist in history is that Raphael, today, looks too—academic. Too pure, too perfect, too polished, too subject to the rules that were based on his great achievements.

Other circumstances contribute to the distance at which we hold Raphael. Like a very successful professor, he appears to have had a career rather than a life. Vasari's biography reads like a *curriculum vitae*, together with a letter of florid recommendation as to his collegiality and gifts as a teacher—and, of course,

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some shrewd criticisms as to the limits of his powers when ranged alongside those of Leonardo or Michelangelo. Unlike theirs, his personality seems elusive. In describing him, Vasari uses such adjectives as "mild," "tender," "gentle," "gracious," "sweet," "courteous," "friendly," "generous"—all Boy Scout virtues, and as soft as modern taste finds his "Dear Madonnas" (Browning again) to be. "No less excellent than graceful," Vasari writes, "he was endowed by nature with all that modesty and goodness which may occasionally be perceived in those few favoured persons who enhance the gracious sweetness of a disposition more than usually gentle, by the fair ornament of a winning amenity." Leonardo is perceived as a wizard, inverted, devious, secret, magical and dangerous. And Michelangelo is said to have been driven by that legendary *terribiltà* that has, ever since Romanticism, been a component in our conception of towering artistic greatness.

Finally, of course, there is the evidence of the works. We all know that scholars know vastly more than we about the *Last Supper* or the Sistine Chapel ceiling, but those works address us so immediately and totally that experiencing them dissolves the metaphorical version of the grime that literal restorers feel it necessary to remove. But Raphael's most famous works are the frescoes that embellish the Papal chambers—the *School of Athens*, or the *Disputa*—both of which seem too freighted with allusions and learned references for us to unravel them as we troop with other sightseers through the Camera della Segnatura. And then there are the dear Madonnas, luminous embodiments of absolute solicitude and total maternal love, but to our tastes too cloying, too finally sentimental, to compel. Vasari tells us that Raphael was of an amorous disposition, and even that his death (at 37) was due to heavy lovemaking and a lowered resistance. There is a marvelous painting, *La Fornarina*, said to be of his mistress, a bold flirt of a woman holding a bare breast while pointing to an armband with Raphael's name, as if to say that it and she belong to him. But little of this eroticism comes through in the chaste Madonnas; we stand before them respectful but unengaged.

Still, he was one of the great artists, and one cannot be indifferent to the exhibition of his drawings on view (until January 3) at the Pierpont Morgan Library in New York City. Indeed, precisely because of the spontaneity, the immediacy, the unstudied, free, swift, gestural transcription of presumed feeling drawings promise, these pieces would appear to offer the best solvent for the glaze that has settled over this master's name and work. So one goes to such an exhibition not just to look at the drawings, which are certain to be marvelous, but to look for Raphael, to seek, across the centuries, a sort of post-Pre-Raphaelite contact with a nearly vanished sensibility. There are glimpses of him, to be sure, and in his greatest drawings he stands out like a being of another order against the other artists who form what the Morgan calls "his Circle"—somewhat misleadingly, I think, since his circle was composed more of intellectuals and poets and high ecclesiastical personalities than of the artists in his workshop who came under his immediate influence. Yet the personality remains as elusive as ever; it is difficult to meld the forty-odd drawings by him or said to be by him into a coherent corpus. You are going to have to work to find him, which gives a certain interest to the show.

There are a number of reasons for this elusiveness. First, of course, is the fact that the drawings come from the three main periods of Raphael's career, and show him absorbing, and transforming, the differing styles of three radically different artists: Perugino, to whom he was apprenticed and whose clear Umbrian style is the basic stratum in Raphael's artistic persona, especially in the Madonnas; Leonardo, whom he was dazzled by in Florence and whose smoky style, when superimposed upon Perugino, yields the archetypical *Holy Family*; and Michelangelo, whose work on the Sistine ceiling Raphael was allowed, surreptitiously, to see, and which he proceeded, as far as he could, to make his own. Undoubtedly, Perugino's influence, while it admitted the Leonardesque overlay, impeded Raphael's full command of Michelangelo's style, which he aspired to but could not reach. ("Dry, minute, and defective in design" is how Vasari describes Perugino's manner.) So Raphael's personality flows through the sequence of drawings like a river, whose tributaries are all the streams of High Renaissance expression and invention. It is only at the end, in the magnificent head and hand he drew for the *Transfiguration*—the masterpiece on which he was working at his death, the greatest drawing in the show and, for all I know, the greatest drawing in existence—that he comes fully into his own as a genius.

The discontinuity of style is heightened by the fact that Raphael experimented with so many different drawing media. The feeling of a pen drawing differs from that of one in metal-point. Metal-point differs from black chalk, which he used so effectively, and black chalk differs from red chalk, which he employed with such evident relish and through which, I think, his eroticism finds expression. There is something sensuous in the red chalk female nudes that one would never expect to find in Leonardo, whose women are made of smoke, or in Michelangelo, whose women are like men with appended breasts. Raphael's nudes are caressed onto paper, but we know he struggled with the male form: he labored so strenuously for its draftsmanly conquest as to call into question Ruskin's assessment that he was interested more in fair representations than

CROSSROADS INN

Sitting on a rock
as someone might have done
two hundred years ago
next to this fire-brick tavern,

I can feel the Virginia hills
surge up to my feet.
They are like waves stopped still.
In the declivities between,

an asphalt strip of road
curls and disappears,
and a vulture is overhead
climbing, pumping the air

with earnest, floppy strokes
beneath black hawks that ride
the high currents like smoke.
And something turns in my mind

when I follow the road below
as far as I can see:
two hundred years ago,
needing rest and company,

a drover walking livestock
to a nearby river port
stopped here overnight
and in the evening sat on this rock

thinking *What will be here*
two hundred years from now
and the surging hills answered
Nothing that you know.

Michael Ryan

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stern facts. On the other hand, who knows if his genius for invention was not stimulated by certain incapacities he had in mastering what Vasari called the "difficult foreshortenings" of Michelangelo?

The shifts from period to period, each defined by a powerful artistic style Raphael had to accept and overcome, as well as the shifts from medium to medium within a given period, mean that Raphael as a recognizable stylist exists, for the most part, only at a certain level of abstraction. So this is not like a show of Rembrandt drawings, or drawings by Leonardo, in each of which one feels the presence of the same extraordinary touch and vision. Raphael is almost always at a distance, and this is compounded by the fact that these are working drawings, done not for their own sake but as instruments to get a painting going, so that he went no further with them than he had to, save in certain exceptional cases. In a way, many of them have the interest that the underdrawings—the *synopie*—for the frescoes would have if we were able to see them; they are intended to be sacrificed and submerged. So we are not moved to that degree of awe we expect with the greatest of the great masters.

The Raphaels are arranged in roughly chronological order, clockwise around the first three and a half walls of the Morgan's main exhibition hall. The remaining space is given over to drawings of disputed origin—they may be by Raphael, or they may be by Giulio Romano or Giovanni Penni, or one of the others in his workshop. The corridor is hung with drawings by these secondary masters in which there is no admixture of Raphael's hand. Penni seems to have inherited Raphael's delicacy, but none of the robustness inherited by Romano, whose drawing tends to a coarseness where Penni's tends to insipidity. It requires no great eye to see Giulio's heavy hand in the *Transfiguration*'s depiction of the mad boy and the agitated father, even if this difference would not have been visible at Raphael's death. Inevitably, one will want to concentrate on the pure Raphaels. Even so, one cannot help but feel, given an impression of several hands and styles that cannot be explained away simply by reference to a diversity of influences and media, that the waters are more brackish than the structure of the exhibition concedes. It comes as no surprise to read in the catalogue that at least half the drawings have been questioned at one time or another—believed to be copies, or ascribed to Penni or Romano, or held to have been touched by someone other than Raphael himself. I cannot pretend to connoisseurship in such matters, but I find it hard to accept all the confident attributions of present-day experts. And this insecurity dilutes the awe, for one is not altogether certain, in every case, that it is Raphael to whom one is responding.

My advice is to go immediately to the stunning drawing of the head and hand, made as preparation for the pivotal figure in the lower register of the *Transfiguration*. This is pure Raphael, at the apex of his powers, and I would let it impose itself totally on one's sensibility. It is, in this exhibition, like the Form of the Good in Plato's heaven: something that illuminates itself and everything else. It is a miracle of what drawing can achieve: Notice the line that defines the brow and nose and then disappears, notice the light that defines the cheek and nostril and penetrates into the man's hair—and notice that hair, soft and surging, urgent and cascading down the young man's neck. It was this drawing that sold at Christie's in 1984 for just under $5 million—$4,797,144 to be exact, including an 8 percent buyer's fee, and worth, in my book, every scudo. Still, that kind of price must put an extraordinary degree of pressure on attributors: No Penni, no Giulio Romano—and certainly no Polidoro da Caravaggio or Perino del Vaga—would be worth anything near that kind of money. Of course, there are other pressures making one want the drawings to be by Raphael, and perhaps every drawing here *is* by him. Still, the nagging uncertainty remains after one has worked through all the evidence reported. It is, on the other hand, immensely reassuring that the power of the *Transfiguration* drawing transcends the knowledge of its price, and we feel in the presence of grace when we look at it.

Once you have internalized this drawing, you might begin to look for others that participate in its light. There is a magnificent horse's head in the lobby, dense with strength (contrast the mane with the mop of the young man in the master drawing). It is impossible not to be moved by the Sybil, in red chalk, who twists about her axis as she leans on one heavy arm and gazes, with an accepting sadness, over her shoulder, while her other hand hangs in resignation between her knees. The kneeling female nude, again in red chalk, has passages I can close my eyes and recall with wonder. The sheet of three male figures in black chalk, so close to Michelangelo as once to have been ascribed to him, has a softening light and weight that I feel is Raphael's signature. The touch is elsewhere in the show, of course, but it is very faint indeed in many of the official Raphaels and to my eye absent from others that may, as a matter of external fact, truly be by him. With these one responds, at most, to the fact that they are by Raphael, not to the drawing itself. This is a connoisseur's show, which means one is looking for the artist, letting questions of meaning and substance and interpretation subside. Still, given the evanescence of the artist's personality, this is perhaps not an unreasonable priority, and when the personality comes at you full strength, as in that incredible head, it is worth considerable time and effort to be transradiated by its inner light. □

FILMS.

MARCIA PALLY

The Wannsee Conference

For those attending, the noon gathering in Wannsee on January 20, 1942, held moderate, bureaucratic interest. It had been postponed from early December, when the United States entered the war, and most of the fifteen ministers of state and military officials present were not deeply concerned by the agenda. One was in town to visit a friend, another to take in some shopping in Berlin. But at least the deliberations would be short, and the men could count on lunch and a good cognac on the government. At this meeting, the Third Reich formally adopted its "Final Solution" to the "Jewish question."

German émigré Manfred Korytowski (best known for creating *Pumuckl*, the most popular children's program on German television) became interested in the proceedings at Wannsee while attending the trial of Adolf Eichmann in 1961. He found the secretary's minutes at the Yad Vashem archives in Israel and spent the next six years combing through Nazi files, which were characteristically voluminous and detailed: Even the humorous asides and private comments had been

Marcia Pally writes on film and the arts.

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recorded. With financing from German, Austrian and Bavarian television, Korytowski produced *The Wannsee Conference* (written by Paul Mommertz and directed by Heinz Schirk), a brisk, stunning re-creation of the meeting in the pleasant Berlin suburb. In spite of its early support, German television was reluctant to broadcast the film once it was completed: The sponsoring station waited till it had been shown in twenty-seven countries and won several awards before airing it at home.

The Wannsee session was convened by Reinhard Heydrich, Himmler's second in the S.S., who hoped to establish himself as head of the final solution and so expand his influence in the government. (In fact, he was killed four months later by a Czech grenade.) He found little resistance to his taking charge since few other party officials knew or cared about the "Jewish question." At the meeting, they discussed the mechanics of deportation, truck and train allotments and the accuracy of census statistics. The Minister of Economics requested that, for the time being, Jews working in vital war industries not be deported. Heydrich agreed. Minister of the Interior Wilhelm Stuckart thought half-Jews should not be included in the final solution. He was overruled. The last bureaucratic impediment to the final solution was brushed aside when Minister of Justice Roland Freisler told the group that, in the interests of ridding Germany of inferior elements, he would transfer crucial police privileges to the S.S.

At only eighty-five minutes—the length of the bureaucrats' actual discussion—*The Wannsee Conference* stands out from films like *Shoah*, the *Holocaust* series or *The Sorrow and the Pity* for its concentrated power. No documentary footage of ghettos or camps boosts the film's emotional punch. Exterior scenes were shot at 56-58 Am Grossen, Wannsee, which is now a kindergarten. The uniforms are authentic. The pens and wristwatches are authentic. The rapid-fire dialogue is taken from the secretary's notes and is given a first-rate performance by the German cast. Dietrich Mattausch, playing Heydrich, flips between commanding efficiency and old-boy humor. Martin Lüttge is terrifying as Captain Lange, a Latvian Gestapo commander, precisely because he's just a big, bumbling, beer-drinking *Bursch* who loves his dog. The men banter and joke; Heydrich flirts with the secretary. Little interoffice snits emerge. The most contested issue is the trucks, which the military departments are reluctant to cede to the transport of Jews.

Lange's dog and its role assisting its master in search-and-destroy missions provides *The Wannsee Conference*'s one dramatic flourish, and even that, reserved for the final frame, is chillingly terse. Only occasionally do the filmmakers let irony surface. In one instance, Heydrich's assistant, Eichmann (Gerd Böckmann) confesses that he hadn't felt his efforts in the transportation department were appreciated; the meeting has made him feel better. "Hey," ribs Heydrich, "Eichmann has feelings."

Korytowski has trained his camera on the aspect of the Holocaust that's most incomprehensible to us: Nazi dispassion. In this sense, *The Wannsee Conference* is less like footage of the camps and more like Robert Jay Lifton's book *The Nazi Doctors*, or like the biography of Josef Mengele by Gerald Posner and John Ware. After forty-five years and the compilation of books, films and archives, we're still astonished by their calm calculation. Perhaps it amazes us because the continuing dislocation of veterans from later wars tells us that horror can be abstract only if you weren't there. If you were there, you went crazy. But the Gestapo were there, and then they went home, not crazy, to their children and pets.

From the first smartly shot, richly colored frame, *The Wannsee Conference* raises questions about filmmaking and subjectivity, historical grit and celluloid glamour. Historical research never rids itself of selectivity or interpretation. Even documentary filmmakers who catch a slice of the action catch only a slice; a fictional re-enactment is even more malleable. *The Wannsee Conference* does not add to our documentation of Nazi atrocities but it does insist, against our fascinated disbelief, that in less than an hour and a half, amid jokes, flirtation and drinks, mass murder became standard operating procedure. The film is a polished, dramatic answer to the question, How did they do it? Or, it's as good an answer as our minds will be able to absorb. □

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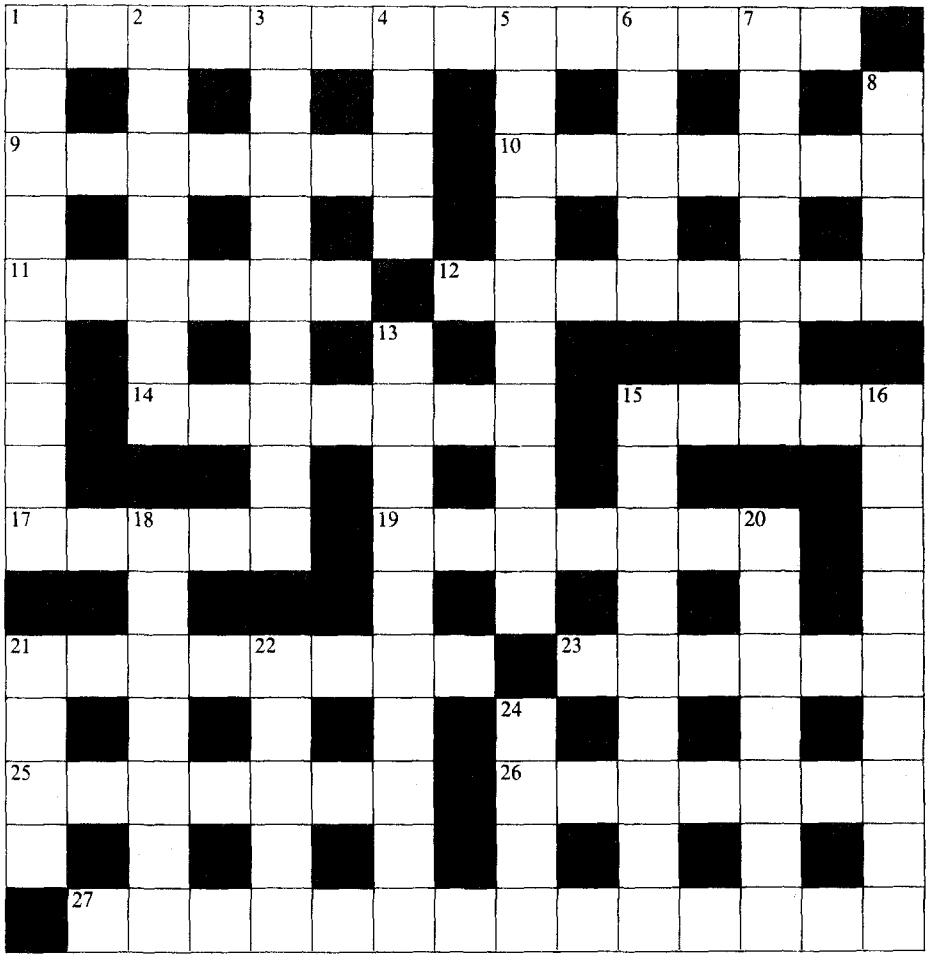

ACROSS

1, 11 and 8 down This was followed by a somewhat hedging weather prediction—ideal, though perhaps one never gets such. (4,2,2,4,2,1,3,2,4)
9 They might be catchy as part of the vocal aria "Tsar and Tsarina," for example. (7)
10 Old-fashioned term for that strip worn around a girl's head, and particularly when her old-fashioned boy-friend is around. (7)
11 See 1 across
12 Such a period is about due for a binge! (4,4)
14 Counts a way, possibly—but it's for the birds! (7)
15 Equivalent to "Olé!"—seeing what may support 2 down, and a number having nothing on. (5)
17 See 16 down
19 What one might do to a subject, especially a young one. (5,2)
21 Some people enjoy hitting them, but common money puts a sort of stop to it. (8)
23 Possibly a 10, but more likely a piece of meat—tell if it's put the wrong way! (6)
25 One puts a question mark on many sentences, and is kept, I conclude, to reveal it. (7)
26 The action is impressive if you do. (7)
27 Not a specific variety of game found over the river in New York—but you might come across it. (8,6)

DOWN

1 'Way out in front, in approaching spring! (4,5)
2 Sort of bar to one direction—you might get even this way. (7)
3 Such an answer means I'm busy, possibly—in a sort of old-fashioned dance . . . (2,1,6)
4 . . . but is the definition fair? (2-2)
5 The cony, relatively speaking? (Bunting wrapper, possibly.) (10)
6 Where things are meanwhile—especially with Reagan! (5)
7 Morning on the heath in the country? (7)
8 See 1 across
13 What the professor likes to take as a lab's ABC, it proves. (10)
15 One who skims off a lot of money for a bunch of stars? (3,6)
16 and 17 across Get this! You'll have a ball! (2,4,3,5)
18 Such a waste—and dangerous, too! (7)
20 Friends sort of pass away, being so afflicted. (7)
21 Like 4, it's only fair. (4)
22 Anticipation with no monkey-business, missing in a barbecue area. (5)
24 What you might do to the letter will be an omen. (4)

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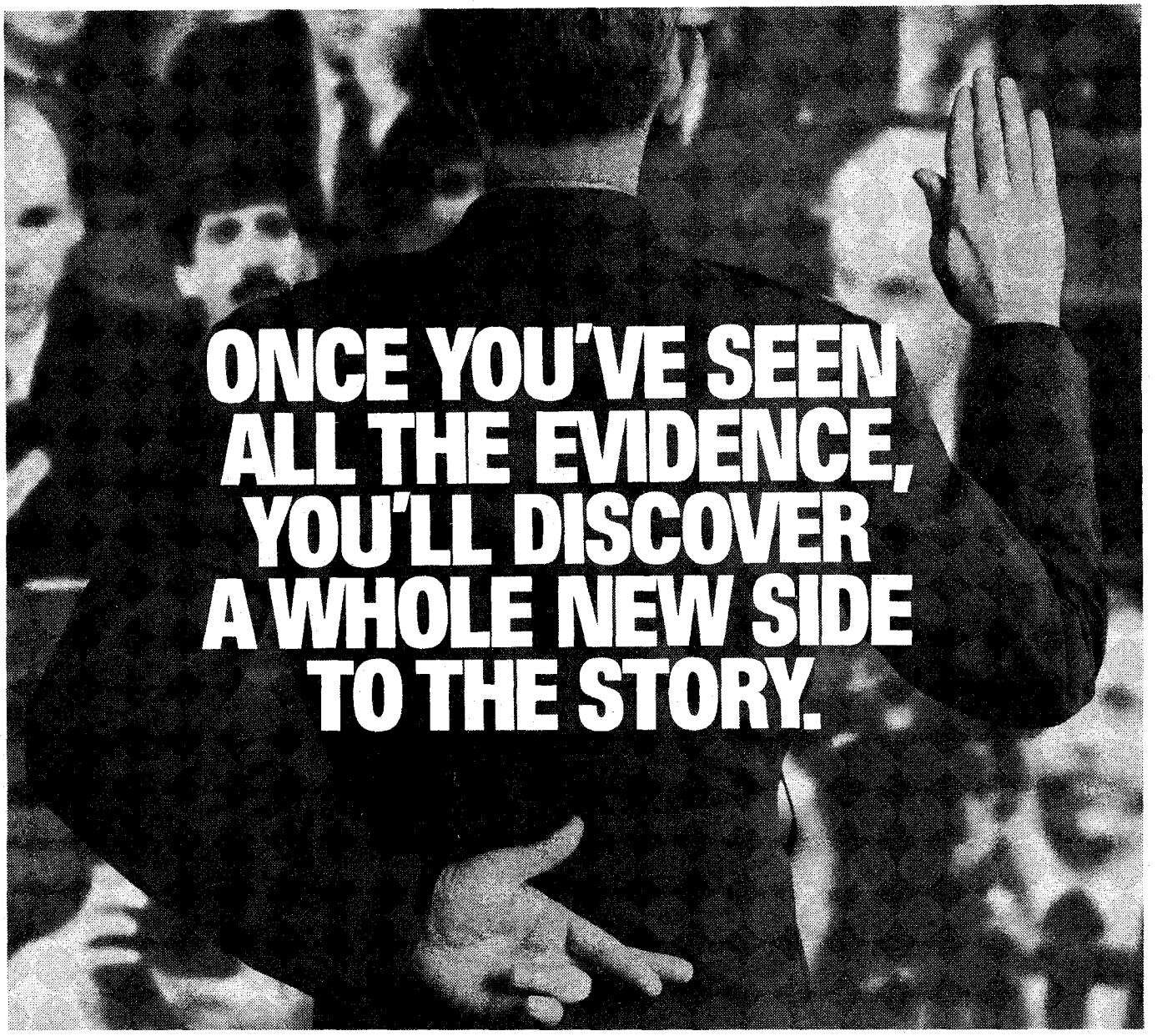

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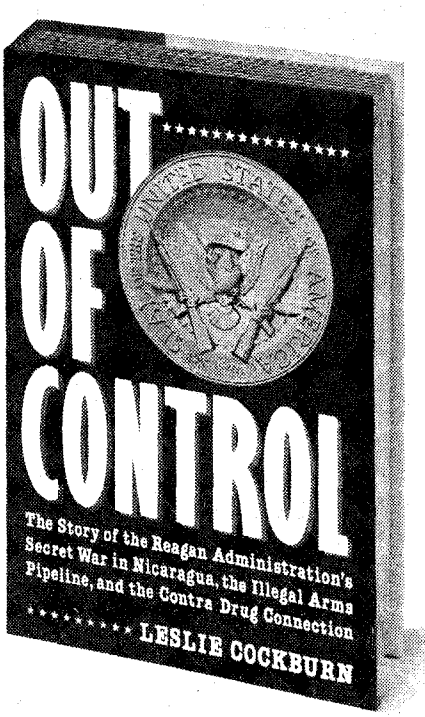
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